ITALICA

STUDIES IN ITALIAN LIFE AND LETTERS

BY

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

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BY

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

MEMBER OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY
CAVALIERE DELL' ORDINE DELLA CORONA D' ITALIA

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In Memoriam

HARRISON OTIS APTHORP

PREFACE

In gathering into a volume these bye-products of the past ten or twelve years, I am not unmindful of their fugitive character. But even fugitives may be message-bearers. And there are some subjects which must be treated swiftly or not at all, if the passing aspect is to be caught with the freshness, vividness, and bias which belong to it.

Several of the following papers contain information about contemporary Italians and the recent conditions of Italy that may not be easily accessible elsewhere to readers in English. Others record friendships, personal or literary. Others, again, spring out of enthusiasms, still unquenched, or were inspired by some feature of that Enchanted Land, whose beauty is inexhaustible and whose boundless interests touch, and will always touch, men and women who perceive the deepest concerns of the human soul.

As a painter takes into account the place where his picture is to hang, so I observed carefully, in preparing several of these papers,

the special purpose or the limits set for each. Thus, the essay on Senator Fogazzaro was intended literally as an introduction of him to American readers, and not as an elaborate critical analysis of his work. So, too, the studies of Italy in 1903 and in 1907 aim at setting forth the usually neglected side—the side of progress and of hope — in the condition of the country and of its people. These studies, I may add, written after patient inquiry, represent, in solution, not merely my own investigations, but views stored up during many talks with some of the persons, scattered from Turin to Naples, whose opinions carry the greatest weight among their countrymen, and who are regarded as the spokesmen of their respective causes.

For permission to reprint the essays in this volume, I have to thank Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, and the proprietors of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Century Magazine*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, the *North American Review*, the *World's Work*, the *Boston Transcript*, and the *Nation*.

W. R. T.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
January 4, 1908.

CONTENTS

Fogazzaro and his Masterpiece 1

Venetian Legends and Pageants . . . 29

Mazzini's Centenary 61

Dante in America 75

Giordano Bruno's "Expulsion of the Beast Triumphant" 99

Countess Martinengo Cesaresco 141

Leopardi's Home 159

The Election of a Pope 173

Thirty Years of Italian Progress . . . 197

Luigi Chiala 231

Dante as Lyric Poet 243

Cardinal Hohenlohe — Liberal 285

Italy in 1907 305

Giosuè Carducci 347

FOGAZZARO AND HIS MASTERPIECE

FOGAZZARO AND HIS MASTERPIECE[1]

I

Senator Fogazzaro, in "The Saint," has confirmed the impression of his five-and-twenty years' career as a novelist, and, thanks to the extraordinary power and pertinence of this crowning work, he has suddenly become an international celebrity. The myopic censors of the *Index* have assured the widest circulation of this book by condemning it as heretical. In the few months since its publication it has been read by hundreds of thousands of Italians; it has appeared in French translation in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and in German in the *Hochland;* and it has been the storm-centre of religious and literary debate. Now it will be sought by a still wider circle, eager to see what the doctrines are, written by the leading Catholic layman in Italy, at which the Papal advisers have

[1] Introduction to the English translation of *The Saint.* Reprinted by permission of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. *North American Review,* August, 1905.

taken fright. Time was when it was the books of the avowed enemies of the Church — of some mocking Voltaire, of some learned Renan, of some impassioned Michelet — which they thrust on the *Index;* now they pillory the Catholic layman with the largest following in Italy, one who has never wavered in his devotion to the Church. Whatever the political result of their action may be, they have made the fortune of the book they hoped to suppress; and this is good, for "The Saint" is a real addition to Italian literature.

Lovers of Italy have regretted that foreigners should judge her contemporary ideals and literary achievements by the brilliant but lubricious and degenerate books of Gabriele d'Annunzio. Such books, the products of disease no matter what language they may be written in, quickly penetrate from country to country. Like epidemics they sweep up and down the world, requiring no passports, respecting no frontiers, while benefits travel slowly from people to people, and often lose much in the passage. D'Annunzio, speaking the universal language, — Sin, — has been accepted as the typical Italian by foreigners who know Carducci merely as a name, and

have perhaps never heard of Fogazzaro. Yet it is in these men that the better genius of modern Italy has recently expressed itself. Carducci's international reputation as the foremost living poet in recent Europe and a literary critic of the first class gains slowly, but its future is secure. Borne by the wider circulating medium of fiction, Fogazzaro's name is a household word in thousands of Italian families, and he combines in his genius so many rare and important strands that the durability of his literary renown cannot be questioned.

II

Antonio Fogazzaro, the most eminent Italian novelist since Manzoni, was born at Vicenza on March 25, 1842. He was happy in his parents, his father, Mariano Fogazzaro, being a man of refined tastes and sound learning, while his mother, Teresa Barrera, united feminine sweetness with wit and a warm heart. From childhood they influenced all sides of his nature, and when the proper time came they put him in charge of a wise tutor, Professor Zanella, who seems to have divined his pupil's talents and the

best way to cultivate them. Young Fogazzaro, having completed his course in the classics, went on to the study of the law, which he pursued first in the University of Padua and then at Turin, where his father had taken up a voluntary exile. For Vicenza, during the forties and fifties, lay under Austrian subjection, and any Italian who desired to breathe freely in Italy had to seek the liberal air of Piedmont.

Fogazzaro received his diploma in due season, and began to practise as advocate, but in that casual way common to young men who know that their real leader is not Themis but Apollo. Erelong he abandoned the bar and devoted himself with equal enthusiasm to music and poetry, for both of which he had unusual aptitude. Down to 1881 he printed chiefly volumes of verse which gave him a genuine if not popular reputation. In that year he brought out his first romance, "Malombra," and from time to time during the past quarter of a century he has followed it with "Daniele Cortis," "Il Mistero del Poeta," "Piccolo Mondo Antico," "Piccolo Mondo Moderno," and finally, in the autumn of 1905, "Il Santo." This list

by no means exhausts his productivity, for he has worked in many fields, but it includes the books by which, gradually at first, and with triumphant strides of late, he has come into great fame in Italy and has risen into the small group of living authors who write for a cosmopolitan public.

For many years past Signor Fogazzaro has dwelt in his native Vicenza, the most honored of her citizens, round whom has grown up a band of eager disciples, who look to him for guidance not merely in matters intellectual or esthetic, but in the conduct of life. He has conceived of the career of the man of letters as a great opportunity, not as a mere trade. Nothing could show better his high seriousness than his waiting until the age of thirty-nine before publishing his first novel, unless it be the restraint which led him, after having embarked on the career of novelist, to devote four or five years on the average to his studies in fiction. So his books are ripe, the fruits of a deliberate and rich nature, and not the windfalls of a mere literary trick. And now, at a little more than threescore years, the publication of "The Saint" confirms all his previous work, and

entitles him to rank among the few literary masters of the time.

III

Many elements in "The Saint" testify to its importance; but these would not make it a work of art. And after all it is as a work of art that it first appeals to readers, who may care little for its religious purport. It is a great novel — so great, that, after living with its characters, we cease to regard it as a novel at all. It keeps our suspense on the stretch through nearly five hundred pages, — Will the Saint triumph? Will love victoriously claim its own? We hurry on, at the first reading, for the solution; then we go back and discover in it another world of profound interest. That is one of the true signs of a masterpiece.

In English we have only "John Inglesant" and "Robert Elsmere" to compare it with; but such a comparison, though obviously imperfect, shows at once how easily "The Saint" surpasses them both, not merely by the greater significance of its central theme, but by its subtler psychology, its wider horizon, its more various contacts with life.

Benedetto, the Saint, is a new character in fiction, a mingling of St. Francis and Dr. Döllinger, a man of to-day in intelligence, a medieval in faith. Nothing could be finer than the way in which Signor Fogazzaro depicts his zeal, his ecstasies, his visions, his depressions, his doubts; shows the physical and mental reactions; gives us, in a word, a study in religious morbid psychology — for say what we will, such abnormalities are morbid — without rival in fiction. We follow Benedetto's spiritual fortunes with as much eagerness as if they were a love-story.

And then there is the love-story. Where shall one turn to find another like it? Jeanne seldom appears in the foreground, but we feel from first to last the magnetism of her presence. There is always the possibility that at sight or thought of her, Benedetto may be swept back from his ascetic vows to the life of passion. Their first meeting in the monastery chapel is a masterpiece of dramatic climax, and Benedetto's temptation in her carriage, after the feverish interview with the cabinet officer, is a marvel of psychological subtlety. Both scenes illustrate Signor Fogazzaro's power to achieve the highest artistic

results without exaggeration. This naturalness is the more remarkable because the character of a saint is unnatural according to our modern point of view. We have a healthy distrust of ascetics, whose anxiety over their soul's condition we properly regard as a form of egotism; and we know how easily the unco' guid become prigs. Fogazzaro's hero is neither an egotist of the ordinary cloister variety, nor a prig. That our sympathy goes out to Jeanne and not to him shows that we instinctively resent the sacrifice of the deepest human cravings to sacerdotal prescriptions. The highest ideal of holiness which medievals could conceive does not satisfy us.

Why did Signor Fogazzaro in choosing his hero revert to that outworn type? He sees very clearly how many of the Catholic practices are what he calls "ossified organisms." Why did he set up a lay monk as a model for twentieth-century Christians who long to devote their lives to uplifting their fellow men? Did he not note the artificiality of asceticism — the waste of energy that comes with fasts, with mortification of the flesh, and with morbidly pious excitement? When asked these questions by his followers he

replied that he did not mean to preach asceticism as a rule for all; but that in individual cases, like Benedetto's, for instance, it was a psychological necessity. Herein Signor Fogazzaro certainly discloses his profound knowledge of the Italian heart — of that heart from which in its early medieval vigor sprang the Roman religion, with its message of renunciation. Even the Renaissance, and the subsequent period of skepticism, have not blotted out those tendencies that date back more than a thousand years; so that to-day, if an Italian is engulfed in a passion of self-sacrifice, he naturally thinks first of asceticism as the method for attaining it. Among Northern races a similar religious experience does not suggest hair shirts and debilitating pious orgies (except among Puseyites and similar survivals from a different epoch); it suggests active work, like that of General Booth of the Salvation Army; or social service without any necessary church inspiration or direction.

No one can gainsay, however, the superb artistic effects which Signor Fogazzaro attains through his Saint's varied experiences. He causes to pass before you all classes of society, — from the poorest peasant of the Subiaco

hills, to duchesses and the Pope himself, — some incredulous, some mocking, some devout, some hesitating, some spellbound, in the presence of a holy man. The fashionable ladies wish to take him up and make a lion of him; the superstitious kiss the hem of his garment and believe that he can work miracles, or, in a sudden revulsion, they jeer at him and drive him away with stones. And what a panorama of ecclesiastical life in Italy! What a collection of priests and monks and prelates, and with what inevitableness one after another turns the cold shoulder on the volunteer who dares to assert that the test of religion is conduct! There is an air of mystery, of intrigue, of secret messages passing to and fro — the atmosphere of craft which has hung round the ecclesiastical institution so many, many centuries. Few scenes in modern romance can match Benedetto's interview with the Pope — the pathetic figure who, you feel, is in sad truth a prisoner, not of the Italian Government, but of the crafty, able, remorseless cabal of cardinals who surround him, dog him with eavesdroppers, edit his briefs, check his benign impulses, and effectually prevent the truth from penetrating to his lonely study.

Benedetto's appeal to the Pope to heal the four wounds from which the Church is languishing is a model of impassioned argument. The four wounds, be it noted, are the "spirit of falsehood," "the spirit of clerical domination," "the spirit of avarice," and "the spirit of immobility." The Pope replies in a tone of resignation; he does not disguise his powerlessness; he hopes to meet Benedetto again — in heaven!

IV

"The Saint" may be considered under many aspects — indeed, the critics, in their efforts to classify it, have already fallen out over its real character. Some regard it as a thinly disguised statement of a creed; others, as a novel pure and simple; others, as a campaign document (in the broadest sense); others, as no novel at all but a dramatic sort of confession. The Jesuits have had it put on the *Index;* the Christian Democrats have accepted it as their gospel: yet Jesuits and Christian Democrats both profess to be Catholics. Such a divergence of opinion proves conclusively that the book possesses unusual power and that it is many-sided.

Instead of pitching upon one of these views as right and declaring all the rest to be wrong, it is more profitable to try to discover in the book itself what grounds each class of critics finds to justify its particular and exclusive verdict.

On the face of it what does the book say? This is what it says: That Piero Maironi, a man of the world, cultivated far beyond his kind, after having had a vehement love-affair is stricken with remorse, "experiences religion," becomes penitent, is filled with a strange zeal — an ineffable comfort — and devotes himself, body, heart, and soul to the worship of God and the succor of his fellow men. As Benedetto, the lay brother, he serves the peasant populations among the Sabine Hills, or moves on his errands of hope and mercy among the poor of Rome. Everybody recognizes him as a holy man — "a saint." Perhaps, if he had restricted himself to taking only soup or simple medicines to the hungry and sick, he would have been unmolested in his philanthropy; but after his conversion he had devoured the Scriptures and studied the books of the Fathers, until the spirit of the early, simple, untheological

Church had poured into him. It brought a message the truth of which so stirred him that he could not rest until he imparted it to his fellows. He preached righteousness, — the supremacy of conduct over ritual, — love as the test and goal of life; but always with full acknowledgment of Mother Church as the way of salvation. Indeed, he seems neither to doubt the impregnability of the foundations of Christianity, nor the validity of the Petrine corner-stone; taking these for granted, he aims to live the Christian life in every act, in every thought. The superstructure — the practices of the Catholic Church to-day, the failures and sins of clerical society, the rigid ecclesiasticism — these he must, in loyalty to fundamental truths, criticise, and if need be, condemn, where they interfere with the exercise of pure religion. But Benedetto engages very little in controversy; his method is to glorify the good, sure that the good requires only to be revealed in all its beauty and charm in order to draw irresistibly to itself souls that, for lack of vision, have been pursuing the mediocre or the bad.

Yet these utterances, so natural to Benedetto, awaken the suspicion of his superiors,

who — we cannot say without cause — scent heresy in them. Good works, righteous conduct — what are these in comparison with blind subscription to orthodox formulas? Benedetto is persecuted not by an obviously brutal or sanguinary persecution, — although it might have come to that except for a catastrophe of another sort, — but by the very finesse of persecution. The sagacious politicians of the Vatican, inheritors of the accumulated craft of a thousand years, know too much to break a butterfly on a wheel, to make a martyr of an inconvenient person whom they can be rid of quietly. Therein lies the tragedy of Benedetto's experience, so far at least as we regard him, or as he thought himself, an instrument for the regeneration of the Church.

On the face of it, therefore, "The Saint" is the story of a man with a passion for doing good in the most direct and human way, who found the Church in which he believed, the Church which existed ostensibly to do good according to the direct and human ways of Jesus Christ, thwarting him at every step. Here is a conflict, let us remark in passing, worthy to be the theme of a great tragedy.

Does not *Antigone* rest on a similar conflict between Antigone's simple human way of showing her sisterly affection and the rigid formalism of the orthodoxy of her day?

V

Or, look next at "The Saint" as a campaign document, the aspect under which it has been most hotly discussed in Italy. It has been accepted as the platform, or even the gospel of the Christian Democrats. Who are they? They are a body of the younger generation of Italians, among them being a considerable number of religious, who yearn to put into practice the concrete exhortations of the Evangelists. They are really carried forward by that ethical wave which has swept over Western Europe and America during the past generation, and has resulted in "slumming," in practical social service, in all kinds of efforts to improve the material and moral condition of the poor, quite irrespective of sectarian or even of Christian initiative. This great movement began, indeed, outside of the churches, among men and women who felt grievously the misery of their fellow creatures and their own obligation to do

what they could to relieve it. From them, it has reached the churches, and, last of all, the Catholic Church in Italy. No doubt the spread of Socialism, with its superficial resemblance to some of the features of primitive Christianity, has somewhat modified the character of this ethical movement; in fact, the Italian Christian Democrats have been confounded, by persons with only a blurred sense of outlines, with the Socialists themselves. Whatever they may become, however, they now profess views in regard to property which separate them by an unbridgable chasm from the Socialists.

In their zeal for their fellow men, and especially for the poor and downtrodden classes, they find the old agencies of charity insufficient. To visit the sick, to comfort the dying, to dole out soup at the convent gate, is well, but it offers no remedy for the causes behind poverty and behind remediable suffering. Only through better laws, strictly administered, can effectual help come. So the Christian Democrats deemed it indispensable that they should be free to influence legislation.

At this point, however, the stubborn prohibition of the Vatican confronted them. Since 1870, when the Italians entered Rome

and established there the capital of United Italy, the Vatican had forbidden faithful Catholics to take part, either as electors or as candidates, in any of the national elections, the fiction being that, were they to go to the polls or to be elected to the Chamber of Deputies, they would thereby recognize the Royal Government which had destroyed the temporal power of the Pope. Then what would become of that other fiction — the Pope's prisonership in the Vatican — which was to prove for thirty years the best-paying asset among the Papal investments? So long as the Curia maintained an irreconcilable attitude towards the Kingdom, it could count on kindling by irritation the sympathy and zeal of Catholics all over the world. In Italy itself many devout Catholics had long protested that, as it was through the acquisition of temporal power that the Church had become worldly and corrupt, so through the loss of temporal power it would regain its spiritual health and efficiency. They urged that the Holy Father could perform his religious functions best if he were not involved in political intrigues and governmental perplexities. No one would assert that Jesus could have better

fulfilled his mission if he had been King of Judea; why, then, should the Pope, the Vicar of Jesus, require worldly pomp and power that his Master disdained?

Neither Pius IX nor Leo XIII, however, was open to arguments of this kind. Incidentally, it was clear that if Catholics as such were kept away from the polls, nobody could say precisely just how many they numbered. The Vatican constantly asserted that its adherents were in a majority — a claim which, if true, meant that the Kingdom of Italy rested on a very precarious basis. But other Catholics sincerely deplored the harm which the irreconcilable attitude of the Curia caused to religion. They regretted to see an affair purely political treated as religious; to have the belief in the Pope's temporal power virtually set up as a part of their creed. The Lord's work was waiting to be done; yet they who ought to be foremost in it were handicapped. Other agencies had stepped in ahead of them. The Socialists were making converts by myriads; skeptics and cynics were sowing hatred not of the Church merely but of all religion. It was time to abandon "the prisoner of the Vatican" humbug, time to permit zealous

Catholics, whose orthodoxy no one could question, to serve God and their fellow men according to the needs and methods of the present age.

At last, in the autumn of 1905, the new Pope, Pius X, gave the faithful tacit permission, if he did not officially command them, to take part in the elections. Various motives were assigned for this change of front. Did even the Ultramontanes realize that, since France had repealed the Concordat, they could find their best support in Italy? Or were they driven by the instinct of self-preservation to accept the constitutional government as a bulwark against the incoming tide of Anarchism, Socialism, and the other subversive forces? The Church is the most conservative element in Christendom; in a new upheaval it will surely rally to the side of any other element which promises to save society from chaos. These motives have been cited to explain the recent action of the Holy See, but there were high-minded Catholics who liked to think that the controlling reason was religious — that the Pope and his counselors had at last been persuaded that the old policy of abstention wrought irreparable harm to

the religious life of millions of the faithful in Italy.

However this may be, Senator Fogazzaro's book, filled with the Liberal and Christian spirit, has been eagerly caught up as the mouthpiece of the Christian Democrats, and indeed of all intelligent Catholics in Italy who have always held that religion and patriotism are not incompatible, and that the Church has most injured itself in prolonging the antagonism. In this respect, "The Saint," like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and similar books which crystallize an entire series of ideals or sum up a crisis, leaped immediately into importance, and seems certain to enjoy, for a long time to come, the prestige that crowns such works. Putting it on the *Index* could only add to its power.

But readers who imagine that this aspect measures the significance of "The Saint" have read the surface only. The probability of restoring friendly relations between Church and State is a matter of concern to everybody in Italy: but of even greater concern are the implications which issue from Signor Fogazzaro's thought. He is an evolutionist; he respects the higher criticism; he knows that

religions, like states and secular institutions, have their birth and growth and inevitable decay. So Catholicism must take its course in the human circuit, and expect sooner or later to pass away. This would be the natural deduction to draw from the premise of evolution. Signor Fogazzaro, however, does not draw it. He conceives that Catholicism contains a final deposit of truth which can neither be superseded, wasted, nor destroyed.

"My friend," says Benedetto, "you say, 'We have reposed in the shade of this tree but now its bark cracks and dries; the tree will die; let us go in search of other shade.' The tree will not die. If you had ears, you would hear the movement of the new bark forming, which will have its period of life, will crack, will dry in its turn, because another bark shall replace it. The tree does not die, the tree grows."

Through this parable, Signor Fogazzaro reveals his attitude, which, it appears, does not differ from that proposed by many Anglicans and other Protestants towards their respective churches. Herein his Saint takes on the largest significance. He is a religious who constantly praises Reason, and

urges his hearers to trust Reason ; but who, at a given moment, falls back on Faith, cleaves to Faith, insists that Faith alone brings its own warrant. Hence arise paradoxes, hence contradictions which elude a reasonable solution. For instance, in one discourse Benedetto says : " The Catholic Church, which proclaims itself the fountain of truth, opposes to-day the search for Truth when it is carried on on its own foundations, on the holy books, on the dogmas, on its asserted infallibility. For us this means that it has no longer faith in itself. The Catholic Church which proclaims itself the minister of Life, to-day shackles and stifles whatever lives youthfully within it, and to-day it props itself on all its decadent and antiquated usages." Yet a little farther on he exclaims : " But what sort of faith is yours, if you talk of leaving the Church because certain antiquated doctrines of its heads, certain decrees of the Roman congregations, certain ways in a pontiff's government offend you? What sort of sons are you who talk of renouncing your mother because she wears a garment which does not please you? Is the mother's heart changed by a garment? When, bowed over her, weeping, you tell

your infirmities to Christ and Christ heals you, do you think about the authenticity of a passage in *St. John*, about the real author of the Fourth Gospel, or about the two Isaiahs? When you commune with Christ in the sacrament, do the decrees of the *Index* or the Holy Office disturb you? When, giving yourself up to Mother Church, you enter the shadows of death, is the peace she breathes in you less sweet because a Pope is opposed to Christian Democracy?"

So far, therefore, as Fogazzaro is the spokesman of loyal yet intelligent Catholics, he shows that among them also the process of theological solution has been going on. Like Protestants who still profess creeds which they do not believe, these intelligent Catholics have to resort to strange devices — to devices which to a looker-on appear uncandid if not insincere — in order to patch up a truce between their reason and their faith. This insincerity is the blight of the present age. It is far more serious than indifferentism, or than the open scoffing of the eighteenth-century philosophers. So long as it lasts, no deep, general religious regeneration will be possible. Be it remarked, however, that

Signor Fogazzaro himself is unaware of his ambiguous position; being still many removes from Jowett, the typical British Mr. Facing-both-Ways of the epoch.

VI

In conclusion, we go back to the book as a work of art, meaning by art not mere artifice, but that power which takes the fleeting facts of life and endues them with permanence, by revealing their deeper purports, their order, and their beauty. In this sense, Signor Fogazzaro is a great artist. He has the gift of the masters which enables him to rise without effort to the level of the tragic crises. He has also a vein of humor, without which such a theme as his could hardly be successfully handled. And although there is, by measure, much serious talk, yet so skilfully does he bring in minor characters, with their transient sidelights, that the total impression is that of a book in which much happens. No Realist could exceed the fidelity with which Signor Fogazzaro outlines a landscape, or fixes a passing scene; yet being an Idealist through and through, he has produced a masterpiece in which the imagination is sovereign.

Such a book, sprung from "no vain or shallow thought," holding in solution the hopes of many earnest souls, spreading before us the mighty spiritual conflict between Medievalism still triumphant and the young undaunted Powers of Light, showing us with wonderful lifelikeness the tragedy of man's baffled endeavor to establish the Kingdom of God on earth, and of woman's unquenchable love, is a great fact in the world-literature of our time.

VENETIAN LEGENDS AND PAGEANTS

VENETIAN LEGENDS AND PAGEANTS [1]

In our grandfathers' day few Yankee sea-captains returned home without bringing back some curiosity — a Buddhist idol, a South-Sea Islander's weapons, a rare piece of Chinese porcelain or silk — to remind them of their voyages. So, from the ninth to the thirteenth century, every thrifty Venetian who traded to the Levant tucked away in his cargo the leg or arm, or at least a knuckle, of some saint, with which he enriched his parish church and assured to himself and his family a safe passage to heaven. Computing by the sum of such relics as remain, the whole number which passed from the East into Western Europe must have been enormous. In the earlier times it was possible to secure at reasonable rates the entire body of a first-class saint. But with the Crusades the stream of purchasers increased a thousand-fold, and the canny Greek, who did a thriving business in these commodities, might get as high a price

[1] *Lippincott's Magazine*, November, 1904.

for a few hairs or the thumb-nail of a third-century martyr as his grandfather got for an entire apostle. The bodies of the favorite and most potent saints having long before been disposed of, dealers filled further orders more parsimoniously, doling out fragments and small bones, unconcernedly duplicating and multiplying until, if all their wares could be united, we should find that John the Baptist had more arms than Briareus and Mary Magdalene more feet than a centipede.

But we shall miss a true understanding of that age unless we check our reason and sense of humor and try to see the relic-worshiping medievals (whose progeny still survives) in a sympathetic light. Relics were an indispensable element in their religious practices. Every city must have its supernatural patron, every church its treasure latent with miraculous potentialities. To possess such a treasure became one of the chief objects of zeal, and so keen was the competition that the rules of common honesty had no influence over the relic-hunters. Body-snatching, against which a prejudice has recently arisen, was the noblest of professions, in which kings, knights, and prelates zealously engaged. To rob a Saracen

of a piece of the True Cross was an act of the highest virtue; to steal a saint's mummy from a schismatic Greek was not ghoulish but devout.

In this business the Venetians displayed their characteristic combination of piety and practicalness. Their commercial relations gave them so great an advantage in the traffic of relics that they must have made many fortunes in it. For a relic had its market value, which those sharp traders knew how to appraise as exactly as if they were quoting the price of corn. Thus the Crown of Thorns was pawned for seven thousand ducats, and such religious assets were deemed a legitimate part of a conqueror's plunder. As the medieval was credulous, he never questioned the genuineness of his holy spoils. An autograph certificate, reading "This is my head," signed by John the Baptist and witnessed by a dozen scribes, was not needed to convince folk that already believed with an absolute faith and had neither the desire nor the knowledge to make critical tests. By theft or purchase they eagerly got possession of the pious frauds which the Greeks manufactured; and if those relics necessarily encouraged a gross and ma-

terialistic worship, they proved in many cases so lucrative an investment that the city or the church which was so fortunate as to own a first-class relic was enriched by it for centuries.

Venice was already unique in site, in government, and in independence before she secured in St. Mark such a protector as no other nation had, and not merely a patron saint, but the head of her Church, one as authoritative as Peter, under whose leadership she successfully resisted the domination of the Petrine Pope. St. Theodore, one of the warrior saints of Byzantine Christians, was her earliest patron, and his statue, which represents him treading under foot a crocodile-dragon, still stands on one of the columns in the Piazzetta. Only at the beginning of the ninth century did the Venetians supersede him by St. Mark, who, being an Evangelist, outshone Theodore in glory and matched the ambition of the growing Republic.

Rustico of Torcello, Buono of Malamocco and Stauracio, merchants who had gone to Alexandria on a Venetian ship, felt a great desire to carry the body of St. Mark back to Venice. Accordingly, they won over the guardian of his sepulchre, took the body,

and put it in a basket, which they covered with cabbages and pork, and then hurried to their ship. "And because they doubted the pagans," says the chronicler Da Canale, "they laid the holy body between two quarters of pork and fastened it up on the ship's mast: and this they did because the pagans would not touch pork."

They sailed homeward, and after escaping shipwreck through the miraculous intervention of the Saint, they reached Venice on the last day of January, 827. Not long afterward Mark became the patron of the Republic. The myth-making instinct of the time invented a prophecy to show that he had been predestined to watch over the Venetians. A vineyard near the later church of St. Francis was pointed out as the very spot on which the Saint, overtaken by storm on his voyage from Aquileia, had landed, and had met Christ, who said to him, "Peace to thee, Mark, my Evangelist." Venice adopted that phrase as her motto, and believed implicitly in the truth of the incident.

Mark was no slothful saint, content to receive the adoration of his flock while he lolled invisible in celestial ease. He was a doer, a

helper, a benefactor, unceasingly showering his favors on his chosen flock. Through him the Venetians prospered in their State and in their commerce: he was their great ally, insuring victory in war. He not only allowed them to deduce his devotion to them through these general results, but he often vouchsafed to them special proof of his more than paternal care. After his body had been brought from Alexandria it was put in the church, "not where every one knew," says the chronicler, "but very privately in a certain place. Then it happened that they who knew the place where it was put died without making it known to others. Whereat the Venetians grieved sorely, and they prayed the Patriarch and Bishops that they should take means to discover where the body of Monsignor St. Mark was resting. Then Monsignor the Patriarch caused every one to fast three days on bread and water, and thereafter they formed a procession, and whilst the Patriarch was chanting mass a stone dropped out of the column where Monsignor St. Mark was reposing. Then the Venetians saw the precious body of the Evangelist."

Two other legends of St. Mark became

embedded in the hearts of all Venetians, legends which will be familiar to every visitor in Venice as long as the splendid canvases on which the masters of the sixteenth century painted them shall last.

The first, immortalized by Tintoret, shows the Saint as the protector of his humblest votary. A slave belonging to a nobleman of Provence used constantly to pray to St. Mark. His owner forbade him: the slave persisted, and was condemned to be tortured. In the picture, the executioner has bound him and is just about to apply the torture, when suddenly out of heaven St. Mark falls like a thunderbolt upon the scene and frees his worshiper.

In the second story the unfailing devotion of the Saint to the whole city is symbolized with all the definiteness of fact. On February 25, 1340, when a great storm threatened to inundate Venice, a fisherman was bidden by a stranger to row from the Piazzetta to the open sea. On the way they took in two other passengers, and then, beyond the Lido, they saw a ship laden with demons hurrying towards Venice. The stranger exorcised these demons and they vanished; the tempest slack-

ened, the waves grew calm. When the stranger returned to the quay he gave the fisherman a ring and revealed to him that he was St. Mark and his companions were St. George and St. Nicholas. Giorgione has painted the fisherman rowing the three Saints out to the demon ship, and Paris Bordone has painted him taking the ring to the Doge and telling his story.

Of the many legends about other saints I will recall here only one which, for its loveliness, stays long in the memory. The Blessed Countess Tagliapietra, as a little girl, had a great passion for going to church. Her father remonstrated, — possibly he saw that the religious ecstasies harmed his high-strung daughter, — but he could not persuade her to be moderate. Accordingly, he bade the gondoliers at the *traghetto* not to ferry her across the Grand Canal. When she came, as usual, to take passage for the Church of San Vio, where she worshiped, and found no boat, without hesitation she walked bravely on to the water, which miraculously bore her up till she reached the other side.

Dreams played an important part in the earlier centuries at Venice, as they have

everywhere, when people have believed that supernatural communications come most easily during sleep. The church of Murano originated in this way. The Virgin, appearing to Otho the Great in his sleep, pointed out to him a meadow at Murano carpeted with scarlet lilies, and desired him to build there a church in her honor. More wonderful still was the vision vouchsafed to the priest Mauro, soon after the founding of Torcello (A. D. 568). He saw God the Father, Christ, the Virgin, and several saints, and was bidden to build no fewer than five churches. John the Baptist placed a bishop's ring on his finger and a plan of a church in his hand, and when he awoke both ring and plan were there. No wonder that church-building flourished in an age when a single priest in one night's dream had warrant for erecting five churches! And what might not be expected of architecture for which in its beginnings the highest celestial personages — too wise to trust imperfect human architects — themselves furnished the designs!

We must think of the medieval Venetian, therefore, as living in a world of legend and miracle and mystery. In what concerns his

daily affairs he is shrewd and prudent, as hard-headed as the proverbial Yankee in driving a bargain, and as tenacious as a Scotchman in carrying out whatever he undertakes. He has also another self, which is in constant communication with what he believes to be the supernatural, a self in which faith and credulity are one. But a passion for beauty is common to both his natures. He delights in festivals and pageants, through which his imagination, remarkable beyond all others for grace and color, expresses itself.

Let us witness some of the feasts which became a part of the life of every Venetian. Many of them are described by Da Canale, that picturesque chronicler, clear of eye and quaint of expression, who wrote about the year 1275. This is his account of the way in which the translation of St. Mark's body to Venice was celebrated every year:

"On the vigil of Monsignor St. Mark there comes by water a company of young men, and when they have arrived at the Palace they land and give their banners to little children, and go two by two in front of the Church of Monsignor St. Mark. And behind them come trumpeters, and also youths bearing silver

plates laden with confections, and after these come silver phials full of wine and gold and silver cups borne by more youths; and then come the priests chanting, clothed in pluvials of gold samite. And they go one after another to St. Mary who is called Formosa (the Beautiful), where they find ladies and damsels in great number, and they give them confections and wine to drink; and to the prelates and the clerics they give abundantly."

The ceremonies which Da Canale next describes did not originate in honor of the Patron Saint. In the earliest times it was the custom for marriageable girls, each bringing a little coffer containing her dower, to assemble in the Church of St. Peter at Olivolo on the second of February every year, and thither went the young bachelors and chose each his bride. The custom, reminding one of the Asiatic traffic in female slaves, was doubtless not so savage as it seems; for probably the young men and maidens had agreed beforehand how they should pair, or their parents had done this for them, so that the festival really marked the formal betrothal. But it happened, in 944, that while the brides were in church, a band of Narentine pirates, row-

ing swiftly from ambush, landed at Olivolo, rushed to the church, seized the young women before help could arrive, and rowed off with them at full speed. Not until reaching Caorle, some forty miles away, did they stop. There, as they were apportioning the damsels and dowers, they were overtaken by a rescuing party of Venetians, who slew the pirates and brought home the brides.

For many centuries the anniversary of this event was celebrated with increasing splendor. The Guild of the Trunk-makers, who had lent their boats to the rescuers, obtained as a reward that the Doge should honor their church, Santa Maria Formosa, with a visit on the day of the festival. The curate of the church offered him, in behalf of the guild, oranges, muscatel, and two hats of gilded straw. The substitution of twelve dolls, dressed in bridal clothes and carried in state in the procession, did not satisfy the people, and twelve maids were accordingly chosen each year to be the special Brides of St. Mark, under the protection of the Doge. The festival, which originally coincided with the celebration of the translation of St. Mark's body, came, by the addition of one ceremony after

another, to last a whole week, during which, when the state functions were over, there followed regattas, dances, concerts, feasting, and perhaps medieval mimes. Each ward, or even each parish, had its own festivity. The Maries were chosen by popular vote, and so the emulation in expense grew to be so excessive that the government was obliged to restrict the number of brides to four, to set a limit on the cost of their apparel, and to raise by special tax the sum needed for the week's gala.

Of military pageants we should have much to say were we not restricting our survey to those in which the peculiar genius of the people and the State expressed itself. The departure of the great fleet on some naval expedition, when, after the Doge and his admirals had heard mass at San Pietro, he received from the hands of the Patriarch the gonfalon of St. Mark, or the fleet's return, with many prizes and prisoners and much spoil, were occasions which every Venetian had witnessed. Sometimes, indeed, the Doge came not back, and more than once but a remnant of the fleet, shattered and vanquished, crept home through the Lido channel: and then, instead

of rejoicing, there was wrath for those who had dared to return alive and lamentation for the dead. But more often the word was victory, and the homing of the fleet meant jubilation.

The modern traveler finds hard to realize the presence of horses in old Venice: yet horses there were, and mules and asses, and in considerable numbers. The members of the Great Council used to come on horseback to the meetings and to fasten the animals to trees until the sitting was over. The bell which rang to summon them was long known as the Muletta, and Trottiera was the name of their road. Stranger still, St. Mark's Place saw many a tournament — as when, in 1272, six young men of Friuli visited Venice and challenged the Venetians to joust. Doge Tiepolo caused lists to be staked out, and for three days the tourney lasted, the young knights of Venice testing their skill with the Frulani, the Doge and his retinue watching and applauding from the Piazzetta balcony of the Ducal Palace, and crowds of citizens and ladies filling the benches and windows and *loggie* round about. A century later (1361) Lorenzo Celsi, who had the finest stud in

Venice, was elected Doge, and when the Duke of Austria paid him a state visit, Doge and Duke and their attendants went mounted through the city. The enclosed space outside of the Church of the Mendicants long served as an arena, near which seventy horses were stabled for the jousters who used it. As the population increased, the Great Council passed ordinances to prevent riding through the most frequented streets, the broadest of which was all too narrow even for passers on foot. But the gradual replacing of the old wooden bridges by stone, with higher arches and steps at either approach, caused the use of four-footed beasts to be given up, except on the outskirts of the city or on the *lidi*.

Out of the paying of tribute many minor customs arose. In the earliest times, when cash was hardly known, the tribute consisted either of necessaries or of articles on which fashion and cupidity set a high value. Thus Istria sent every year one hundred jars of wine in return for protection from the Slavic pirates; and later, when the great Orseolo extended the friendly protectorate of Venice along the Dalmatian coast, the island of Arbe promised to pay ten pounds of silk, or, failing

this, five pounds of purest gold; Veglia, fifteen marten and thirty fox skins; Orsero, forty marten skins; Pola, two thousand pounds of oil for the Church of St. Mark. To punish Ulric, the truculent Patriarch of Aquileia in the middle of the twelfth century, he and his canons, and the lords of Friuli who had abetted him, were required to come in disgrace to Venice to beg for mercy, which was granted on condition that they and their successors should send as their proxies twelve hogs and twelve loaves every year. On Shrove Thursday the multitude crowded into St. Mark's Place to see the hogs killed and to jeer at the memory of the Patriarch. In time a bull was substituted for the swine, but not until 1550 did the custom lapse.

In the earliest times the towns which formed part of the Venetian commonwealth contributed in kind to the maintenance of the Doge. Livenza supplied twenty cart-loads of wood, and Heraclea twenty-five cart-loads, for every six farms within their limits; Equilo, on the other hand, furnished a marten skin and a bushel of pine-nuts. Until 1215 every house in Chioggia sent the Doge a hen thrice a year.

The guilds had each their special celebration, accompanied by procession and festivity, when they loved to outdo one another in display of their work and wealth. Each church observed its feast-day, on which the members of the parish made merry. The boatmen of different quarters of the city formed clubs and rowed races; indeed, the annual regatta between the Nicolotti and the Castellani became one of the shows of Venice. Many ceremonies sprang from historic events. The Venetian spirit poured itself out to make every occasion beautiful, as sunrise gilds the peaks and empurples the valleys, leaving nothing unglorified.

But of all the Venetian pageants the Doge himself was the chief. Never elsewhere has the head of the State kept such dignity and magnificence as characterized the Dukes of Venice for nearly a thousand years. The first Doges were elected, at least in form, by popular vote, but as time went on and the government fell more and more into the hands of a sagacious and powerful oligarchy the electorate narrowed, until finally only forty-one members of the Grand Council had the choosing, by an intricate process, of the Doge.

This in nowise diminished the splendor with which each ruler was greeted by his subjects, who, as they curtailed his power, increased his pomp. Da Canale, the entertaining chronicler who has told us so much, reports as an eye-witness what occurred at the election of Lorenzo Tiepolo in 1268.

When the Forty-one had come to an agreement the bells of St. Mark's were rung, and from all parts of the city the people of Venice flocked to the Piazza and the Church. The forty-one electors mounted the balcony of the Church, and one of the number addressed the multitude and announced the name of the new Doge. Thereupon they pressed round him and bore him to the altar of St. Mark, and having stripped his clothes from him and put on his ducal robes, at that altar he took the oath of office, and the gonfalon of St. Mark, all gold, was given to him and he received it. Amid great rejoicing, he went out of the Church and ascended the staircase of the Ducal Palace, where the chaplains stood on the steps and sang the ducal lauds in these words: "Christ conquers! Christ reigns! Christ commands! To our lord Lorenzo Tiepolo, by God's grace illustrious Doge

of Venice, Dalmatia, and Croatia, and ruler of a fourth part and a half of the whole empire of Romania, salvation, honor, long life, and victory! St. Mark, help thou him!" Then the Doge went into the Palace and entered on his office, subscribing to a formal oath; after which he appeared at a loggia and spoke very wisely to the people, and they praised him above all others. The chaplains then went to Sant' Agostino, where the Dogaressa was, and sang before her also the ducal lauds.

This informal celebration was followed by elaborate festivities, in which all classes took part. On land there was a procession of the guilds, those groups of tradesmen, artisans, and apprentices that had existed in Venice from very early times, had grown rich and skilful, and had developed each its internal government. On this 24th of July, 1268, having put on their richest attire — each guild has its distinctive garb — they take their places in the great parade which winds through the narrow streets to the Piazza and the Palace.

First come the master smiths and their apprentices with a gonfalon and with their

heads garlanded, while trumpeters play before them; next, the furriers, in rich mantles of ermine and vair and other rare furs. They are followed by the dressers of small skins, clothed in samite and taffeta and in scarlet; the dressers of lambskins step next, singing canzonets to the Doge; after them, the weavers, trolling songs and snatches. And now, says Da Canale, "the joy and the festivity begin to increase," for here are the tailors, their ten masters dressed in white with vermilion stars, their coats and mantles lined with furs, and all merrily singing. The next, crowned with olive and bearing olive-branches, are the woolen manufacturers, and after them the makers of cotton cloth, in fustian. The makers of quilts and jerkins have donned new suits — white cloaks worked with fleur-de-lis and each cloak with a hood — and the men themselves wear garlands of pearls strung with gold. The pageant grows more splendid — for behold the cloth-of-gold workers, dressed in that fabric themselves, and their workmen in purple, with hoods of gold worked and decorated with pearls and gold on their heads. The cordwainers, who follow, are equally resplendent, and so are the mercers. Nor will

the cheesemongers be outshone, in their scarlet and purple apparel, trimmed with fur, and their gold and pearl ornaments. The vendors of wild-fowl and the fishmongers, arrayed in vair, bear fine game and fish as an offering to the Doge. And after them we see the company of the barbers, two of whom, clad in armor and mounted on richly caparisoned horses, dub themselves knights-errant and lead captive four damsels strangely garbed. Escorted by their guild, they ride up the Palace steps into the presence of the Doge, and after salutation they announce that if any of his court wish to do combat for the damsels they stand ready to defend them. But the Doge bids them welcome, assuring them that no one shall dispute their prize; and so their little comedy ends. They have scarcely passed on ere the glassworkers advance, carrying decanters and bottles and other rarest specimens of their skill. The comb-makers, a merry crew, bring a great cage filled with divers birds, and when they open the door the birds fly out and away over the heads of the multitude, to the delight of the little children, who run after them. Other guilds are still to follow, but our chron-

icler mentions only the goldsmiths, the most magnificent of all. The masters of this guild display very rich clothes, and gold and silver ornaments, and jewels of great price — "sapphires, emeralds, diamonds, topazes, jacinths, amethysts, rubies, jaspers, carbuncles" — the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind sparkles as they file before us in the summer sun.

Each company is preceded by trumpeters sounding on silver trumpets and by men playing cymbals; servants carry large silver vials of wine and golden goblets; and there are captains, who see that the lines form promptly and march in order, two by two. And after each guild has greeted the Doge, wishing him long life, victory, honor, and salvation, it descends the ducal staircase and goes to the palace in the Sant' Agostino quarter to salute the Dogaressa.

But pageants address the eye and not the ear. Feeble are words to conjure up such a scene as this, so varied, so gorgeous, so jocund, yet so stately! Descriptions cloy. Happily, whoever has visited Venice has fed his eye on the paintings where these things still glow. Gentile Bellini and Carpaccio worked before the pageants had wholly lost their

medieval character; while Veronese and Tintoret, a century later, added to their representations of the past the glory of the present. So slowly did Venice change her customs that the essential features of a festival often persisted during many hundred years.

Although descriptions pall, we must take at least one glimpse of that Venetian festival which outshone and outlasted all the rest — the yearly wedding of the Republic and the Adriatic on Ascension Day. The custom originated as a reminder of the victorious naval expedition of Orseolo the Great, who in the year 1000 cleared the Dalmatian coast of pirates and established the supremacy of Venice on the sea. To mark that triumph, the Doge and his retinue went in procession through the Lido port to the open Adriatic, and offered this supplication: "Grant, O Lord, that for us, and for all who sail thereon, the sea may be calm and quiet; this is our prayer, Lord, hear us." After this the Doge and his suite were aspersed, and the rest of the water was poured into the sea, while the priest chanted the words, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean."

This ceremony, impressive for its simplicity, grew to be impressive for its splendor. In 1177, when Pope Alexander III and the Emperor Barbarossa met at Venice to settle, as they hoped, the immemorial quarrel of the Papacy and the Empire, they took part in the celebration; and then it was, apparently, that the service was converted into an espousal. The Pope gave Doge Ziani an anointed ring, which he dropped solemnly into the Adriatic with the words, "*Desponsamus te, Mare,*" — "We wed thee, Sea, in sign of our true and perpetual dominion."

From that time on the celebration of "La Sensa," or the Marriage of the Adriatic on Ascension Day, increased in stateliness, and long after Venice had lost the sceptre of the sea crowds of visitors came yearly from all parts of the world to witness that rite, symbolic of her former supremacy. Travelers and authors have vied with each other in depicting the dazzling spectacle: the Bucentaur, the ducal galley, all gilded, with its canopy of crimson velvet; the gold and crimson gonfalon of St. Mark; the forty long oars, each manned by four rowers; the ducal throne fixed on a great golden shell;

the Doge, venerable and grave, clad in superb robes; the Councilors, the Procurators, the Senators, the Pregadi in scarlet or royal purple; the Patriarch and his prelates in their richest vestments; the foreign ambassadors in their varied magnificence; the multitudes of smaller galleys, barges, barks, and gondolas, following in the wake of the Bucentaur, each with its cargo of eager men and women and astonished children; the unwonted stillness of the journey out; the solemnity of the marriage rite, when the Doge, unattended, from the stern of his barge drops the ring into the sea: then the sudden taking up by ten thousand throats of his words, "*Desponsamus te, Mare*"; the boundless vivacity, the acclamations, the triumphal energy of the return to the city — who has not in imagination witnessed all this, framed by the matchless Venetian architecture, and the opaline waters of the Lagoon, and by the sky of pale sapphire and sunbeams which arches above them?

Dead, long ago, the last Doge of Venice; dead the gay multitude which last attended him; the golden Bucentaur is dust; the Ducal Palace, St. Mark's Church, nay,

Venice herself, are become but a three days' wonder for modern tourists, who "glance, and nod, and bustle by," a gallery for the esthetic, a haunt to muse in for the thoughtful few. So fades away the glory of the world!

"And what," asks the muser, before whom the vision of this splendor has flashed, "what does it signify? Is it but the pomp, the unrivaled pomp, and the vanity of a wicked world? The colors have fed the eye, the pageants have enchanted the imagination — is that all?" Ah, no! Through those fleeting shows Venice embodied qualities which no other State has had in like degree: she revealed to the world the meaning of magnificence, she set the ages an example in dignity. We have heard much of the ceremonial of Spain — but ceremonial is not magnificence; the mere description of the gorgeous costumes of the Magyar nobles dazzle us — but costume is not magnificence. Ceremonial may be dull — the Spanish punctilio was stiff beyond the verge of the ludicrous; that is not dignity. We cannot associate magnificence with either the Germans or the English. The Prussians, at the utmost, can organize an imposing military review. The English have

never had the artistic sense, nor the taste, which underlies magnificence; they have always taken their pleasure sadly; and while Englishmen may possess a noble carriage and countenances of high-bred dignity, they do not group well, but remain rigidly isolated, too conscious of themselves to be willing to blend in masses, which are the elements of a great pageant. The French too have had little conception of magnificence — assuredly they have manifested no genius for it. They still point to the Grand Monarque — that paltry manikin, with his full-bottomed wig, his padded calves, his red-heeled pumps — and to his entourage of titled lackeys as their highest type of dignity and magnificence; or they recall the display of the third Napoleon, which was, after all, only tinsel and millinery, the stuff which theatrical pomps, performed mechanically after much drill, are made of.

But the Venetians were magnificent by nature. This quality developed in them just as a genius for music develops in other races, and it expressed itself in pageants more and more splendid as their wealth increased. A dignity, likewise inborn, never forsook them.

The Spirit of Beauty, which was their peculiar dower, took great companies of men and women and composed them into moving pictures, as wonderful in their way as are the enduring masterpieces which that same spirit wrought on canvas, in mosaic, and in marble. Every class — the noble, the religious, the commercial, the artisan, the plebeian — had its place in the pomps, and at the head of them all, linked to all in this manifestation of common interests, was the Doge.

That Beauty may be not merely the ornament but the very body of Power, this surely is one thing Venice can teach us. We moderns command inexhaustible reservoirs of Power, but of visible Beauty, how slight is our understanding, how beggarly our product! We look out, for the most part, on a sepia-tinted world; Venice bids us learn the delight, not merely physical, which color can bring. To be gorgeous, but not barbaric; magnificent, but not pompous; dignified, but not stiff — these are gifts which presuppose character; nay, they demand character in some respects of rarer fibre than that in which reside many of the virtues which we now magnify. Those gifts the Venetians had.

Venice proclaimed the joy of life — the glow of health, the exhilaration of conquest, the sweetness of prosperity, the self-reliance and the cosmic trust which come with mastery. Was it not well that once in recorded history one nation should dare to proclaim that life on earth is passing good? There is no danger that races or men will be long allowed to forget the transitoriness of their existence, or its horrors and failures and bereavements. Fate sees to it that each generation shall witness, for a warning and a sign, the collapse of empire. Time is busy "turning old glories into dreams."

> "Restless is wealth, the nerves of power
> Sink like a lute's in rain,
> The Gods lend only for an hour,
> And then take back again."

But to transmute wealth and power into joy, to live grandly, as if the Gods had not merely lent for an hour, but had given for eternity, bespeak great character. Joy is so much rarer than virtue! so very rare among the powerful and the very rich!

Remember too that the Venetians earned their prosperity, earned it against unparalleled odds; they were brave, industrious, enter-

prising, prudent; when blessings flowed in upon them they rejoiced with a healthy exuberance. "There is nothing better for a man than . . . that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labor. This also I saw, that it was from the hand of God." The Venetians realized that after a hard-won victory the triumph is legitimate; that God can be worshiped as truly by accepting His gifts and delighting in them as by renouncing them with a monkish reluctance. No doubt, prosperity is the severest test of character; as Venice learned when after many centuries her magnificence had been softened into luxury and voluptuousness, and her pageants, though still superb, were shows to gratify her pride rather than ceremonies born of her strength and joy and gratitude. Nevertheless, five hundred years elapsed between her rise to greatness and the beginning of her decline, and her waning was so gradual that for two centuries more she seemed in outward majesty almost undiminished.

MAZZINI'S CENTENARY

MAZZINI'S CENTENARY [1]

THE wise instinct of the world has long since admitted Joseph Mazzini into the company of its great men. He would certainly be included, along with Cavour and Bismarck, Lincoln and Emerson, in any group of half a score representatives of the nineteenth century. For forty years he embodied the European Revolution — a monster to some, a model or a martyr to others; but as soon as death removed him as a living menace, his foes conceded his eminence. To-day, his great tract, "The Duties of Man," is the textbook in ethics in every Italian public school. Time has done for him what it does for all rebels — it has stript off the temporal and left the permanent. And at last we see that — unlike those rebels who combat a special abuse, and who, when that abuse falls, have no further significance — Mazzini

[1] *The Nation*, June 22, 1905. An Italian translation of this article, by the Hon. Ernesto Nathan, now Mayor of Rome, appeared in the *Nuova Antologia* for July 1, 1907.

belongs among the little band of world-benefactors whose rebellion is rooted in the everlasting conflict between Good and Evil. Thus there are two Mazzinis — one who worked for his contemporaries, the other who worked for posterity. In the case of no other man of equal rank is it so necessary to distinguish clearly between the two. This we can now do without fear of misunderstanding.

Glance first at the *temporal* Mazzini. He was born in Genoa, June 22, 1805. At sixteen, the sufferings of the victims of a futile revolt burnt into his soul. The vision of freedom, and of its responsibility, haunted him. "I felt," he says, "that since we could, we ought to struggle for freedom." Ten years later he was imprisoned for many months, not for any overt act, but simply because the police had marked him as a "thinker." During his confinement, he systematized the principles to which he consecrated his life. He came out of his Savona prison only to be banished. At first from Marseilles and then from Switzerland he directed Young Italy, the society which sprang up at his call to free the Peninsula. He led an invasion into Savoy, which collapsed almost without firing a gun

(1833). He was ridiculed, accused of betrayal, persecuted; and at last, at the instigation of foreign governments, Switzerland drove him out, to find refuge in London. There, in almost beggarly condition, he carried on his revolutionary propaganda, terrifying the Continental cabinets, planning fruitless insurrections, cheering the oppressed, and creating, not in Italy only, but throughout Europe, multitudes of disciples who pledged themselves to his ideals.

He could never cancel the stigma which his foes early branded on him of countenancing assassination, nor did he escape the charge of personal cowardice. As to the first, opinions still differ, and, in spite of his own avowals and those of his intimates, probably they always will; but the charge of cowardice, based on his practice of sending his followers on errands which proved deadly, may well be dismissed. He risked his own life over and over again on secret missions to Italy, and no man who bore himself as Mazzini did during the perils of the Roman Republic in 1849, lacked either fortitude or courage. Those brief months of practical dictatorship tested his ability to *do*, and although he inevitably

failed, he showed both decision and foresight. Thenceforward, he fell back on conspiracy, only to be more and more discredited as his plots at Mantua, at Milan, and at Genoa were smothered in blood. When Garibaldi freed the Two Sicilies, Mazzini hurried to Naples and begged the hero to organize his conquest on a Republican basis, but Garibaldi fortunately followed his own intuitions, which were usually much sounder than the reasons he could give for them. So far as Italy was concerned, Mazzini ceased to be an important political factor after 1860, and, during the last ten years of his life, he saw other men, with new aims, turn aside the course of the Revolutionary Party in Europe, of which he had so long been the head. Nihilism, Anarchism, aggressive Socialism, the International, were symptoms that — speaking broadly — the Revolution had begun to pass from a strictly political to an economic and industrial stage. Mazzini himself took no satisfaction in the independence and unity of Italy, because he believed that the monarchy would vitiate the good that had been achieved. To Daniel Stern he wrote: "Little it matters to me that Italy, a territory of so many square

leagues, eats its corn and cabbages cheaper; little I care for Rome if a great European initiative is not to issue from it. What I do care for is that Italy shall be great and good, moral and virtuous, that she comes to fulfil a mission in the world." So to the end he remained officially a rebel; but Victor Emanuel's Government winked at his last visits to Italy, where he died incognito at Pisa, on March 10, 1872.

Stated thus briefly, Mazzini's active career seems a failure. Externally no doubt it was. Not one of his immediate purposes bore the fruit he desired. At his death, his enemies possessed the field from which they had driven him. But, in a larger sense, he was victorious. He equipped more regiments than his adversaries knew for the unification of Italy. The lifelong conspiracies in which Mazzini engaged, and which sometimes seemed to him, as they did to his contemporaries, to be his chief business in life, now turn out to belong to the transient part of him; while his immense moral energy, his obedience to ideals, and his almost unequaled genius for bringing ideals within reach of the masses, constitute his permanent greatness.

The harm which he did through abortive uprisings is patent, but the good can never be measured, for it is impossible to follow the course of his regenerative influence into the myriads of hearts that he aroused. What George Meredith said many years ago, and Swinburne sang in his noblest poem, is literally true:

> "But this man found his mother dead and slain,
> With fast-seal'd eyes,
> And bade the dead rise up and live again,
> And she did rise."

Until Mazzini founded Young Italy, conspiracy had a character wholly political; he quickened it with moral aspirations. We must remember that conspiracy was the only means by which, after Waterloo, European Liberals could make their desires known; for they had neither free speech nor free press nor any voice in the government. The French Revolution, to which the downtrodden masses looked for an example, had magnified the Rights of Man; Mazzini preached the Duties of Man. He purged patriotism of selfishness. He taught that political liberty and independence must be striven for, because through them alone could every individual grow to

his full stature and play a serviceable part in society. But while Mazzini wisely recognized that the individual is the corner-stone, he was no concentric Individualist. He set before him the ideal of "Collective Humanity" — a world in which each nation, state, town, and citizen should be striving for the common welfare of the race, and all should exercise to the full their special energies. He would have neither Socialism, with its leveling and its strait-jacket for every talent, nor Anarchism with its insatiate selfishness. Into the warfare between Labor and Capital he projected moral considerations. That conflict will never be settled, he held, by any arrangement patched up by economists. Wherever two human beings meet, no matter in what relation, there conscience joins them; and you cannot, by calling them employer and employee, settle their grievances by the economic law of supply and demand instead of by justice and human sympathy and righteousness.

It would be impossible to exaggerate what Mazzini's religious awakening meant to Italy, where the Church had long since ceased to have any hold on the intelligent classes, and where it ruled the peasantry through ignor-

ance and superstition. At most, the Church operated an apparatus of ritual, which had little to do with either true piety or noble conduct. Mazzini made his appeal directly to the individual soul. He showed the moral issue of every act, public and private. With terrible sincerity, he brought the institutions, practices, customs, and aims of the age to a Day of Judgment where Duty judged them. Duty and Fellowship — those are the words oftenest on his lips, the ideals whose beauty and majesty he celebrated throughout his life. "The earth is our workshop," he wrote; "we may not curse it, *we must hallow it.*" And again: "God will not ask us, 'What hast thou done for thine own soul?' but 'What hast thou done for the souls of others — the sister-souls I gave thee?'"

He addresses his message not to Italians only, but to men and women everywhere. It is as plain now that Mazzini was the greatest individual moral force in Europe during the nineteenth century, as that the world has scarcely begun to draw from him the benefits which he has to bestow. As long as he lived and was spending his energy on special enterprises, he seemed a partisan, a fanatic,

an incendiary. His enemies thought that the failure of his concrete experiments discredited his principles. Now the mortal part of him has dropped away, and through those principles he will help to shape the new generations. He lives not so much by his specific teachings in politics, in social and industrial reform, in art, in literature, and in religion, as by the spirit in which he taught and by his power to stimulate and to spiritualize.

We need only to compare Mazzini with his contemporaries in the Party of Revolution in order to see how he surpasses them in significance to-day. Ledru-Rollin, Schoelcher, Louis Blanc, are scarcely more than names for our generation; Victor Hugo, the sublime rhapsodist, the inexhaustible improviser, with his colossal vanity and his pageant of rhetoric, seems now, even in his sincerest utterances, to be declaring the glory not of God, but of Victor Hugo by whose grace God reigns; the grave, high-minded Herzen worked chiefly to cure Russia's malady; Kossuth, with his magical eloquence and fiery courage, had no general message; Lasalle was fascinating, but mankind is too healthy to date a new era

in its progress from a man who was killed in a duel over a woman; Marx, whose doctrines have had the widest vogue during the past thirty years, is essentially a materialist, a ponderous German pedant, whose remedies, if they could take effect to-morrow, would leave unsolved the fundamental human problems; even Lamennais, impassioned and sympathetic, touched but an arc of Mazzini's circle.

We must go back to Dante to find an Italian who had, like Mazzini, the combination of vivid practical intellect with a highly sensitive, even mystical, spirituality. Dante, too, plunged into political affairs and would have reformed the abuses of his time; he, too, conspired, was banished, seemed beaten. Between him and Mazzini came Savonarola, akin to them in his fierce onslaught on iniquity, and in his apparent failure; but compared with them he is circumscribed in genius and local in scope. As Dante spoke for the mediæval world, so Mazzini is thus far Europe's most authentic spokesman of the ideals and hopes of our new epoch. Had he not been a prophet, he might easily have taken a very high place in literature. As it is, he has left

some of the profoundest literary criticism, besides political and ethical treatises of high rank, and an extraordinary volume of living correspondence.

The beauty of Mazzini's private life reinforces all his teachings. The world, let it be never so hostile, cannot resist the argument of self-sacrifice. The lapse of time sanctifies his forty years of exile — the poor lodgings, the unstinted helpfulness, the sympathy with the joys and griefs of all with whom he had to do. He renounced home, family, even marriage, for the sake of the apostolate to which he dedicated himself. He bore up against all defeats, and conquered the desperate doubt which, in moments of reaction, rose to tempt him. One remembers his bringing up the coal for his feeble landlady, his sharing half his small income with strangers, his night school for the Italian bootblacks and organ-grinders in London, his attack on the "white-slave traffic." One remembers, too, his rare capacity for friendship — witness the sweetness and delicacy of those letters of his to Jane Carlyle in one of her fits of wifely jealousy; witness also the beautiful message of consolation he sent when

Saffi's mother died. No one, it seems, could escape the spell of his presence — the spell which he still imparts through his life and writings to those who never saw him. Some time ago I urged the person who, I believe, is best qualified, to give us the adequate biography of Mazzini for which the world still waits, and the reply came to me, "I cannot — I revere him too much!" That feeling of reverence thrills every one who penetrates to the heart of Mazzini's life-work.

"Dark with strife,
Like heaven's own sun that storming clouds bedim,
Was all his life.

"Life and the clouds are vanish'd; hate and fear
Have had their span
Of time to hurt, and are not: He is here,
The sunlike man."

DANTE IN AMERICA

DANTE IN AMERICA [1]

No analysis of American character can be trusted which does not specify, among other traits, a large endowment of idealism. Your genuine Yankee is practical, and few have surpassed him in grappling with the concrete difficulties of life or in material prosperity; but he differs from others who have got on in the world — from the Dutch, for instance, or from the English — in remaining at heart an idealist. The more you see of the English, the more you are inclined to look on Shakespeare as un-English, because he is idealist and uninsular; but Emerson, the supreme modern idealist, was the representative American, as Victor Hugo and Ernest Renan were the representatives of the two chief types of modern Frenchmen. This Yankee idealism often hibernates, and sometimes it volatilizes in pursuit of fads; but when the great issues call, it responds, and it transforms in the twinkling of an eye the myriads who seem

[1] *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1902.

ordinarily bent wholly on money-getting, or on comfort, into the hosts of the Lord, resolved to sacrifice everything for a righteous principle. Yesterday, you saw only salesmen at their counters, merchants at the exchange, bankers planning audacious enterprises, farmers haggling with the country storekeeper over their quarterly barter: to-day, they are all volunteering in a cause on which the welfare of the race depends. Strangers, who happen to visit us at a time when our material side is uppermost, fall into wonderful misconceptions; and even our politicians, when they reckon too confidently on the uninterrupted sway of our "practical" qualities, are often swept down by an outburst of idealism.

To this quality, among other influences, we may trace the singular hold which Dante has had during the past sixty years on the foremost Americans. The number of his readers here at any one time is small, but it is choice. Out of the handful have sprung Longfellow, Lowell, and Norton, each of whom has contributed a work of capital importance in the Dantean field; nor should George Ticknor, the earliest distinguished American

expounder of Dante, or Dr. T. W. Parsons, who wrote one sterling poem on Dante and an incomplete translation of the epic, be forgotten. Contrast their achievement with the barrenness of the literary product of classical scholarship in America. Until the last generation our higher education was based on Latin and Greek, yet from among the throng of adepts in the classics, and from the larger throng who were driven through them on the way to culture, not one has produced a first-rate translation of Homer or the Greek dramatists, nor of Virgil or Lucretius; and nobody here has written on any of these such an essay as Lowell wrote on Dante, a piece of genuine literature and an addition to literary criticism. The names of our few Latinists and Grecians known outside of the narrow circle of their specialties are those of men who have compiled grammars and revised texts worthy of very great respect, but having no more to do with literature than the study of the structure of the larynx has to do with oratory. And even our best classical specialists, with perhaps two or three exceptions, rank below the Germans. Not long ago one American professor told me with mingled awe

and exultation that Curtius had once referred approvingly to an emendation of an obscure Greek text suggested by another American professor! Very good; but how many days go by in any college or university in the world where Greek philology is studied that Curtius himself is not still cited?

Thus it is that although our classical scholars are many and our Dante scholars few, the literary achievement of the classicists has been insignificant, while that of the Danteans has been relatively large. Is this because, let the classicists strive as hard as they will, they can never so purge themselves of the antipagan legacy bequeathed by Puritanism as to become really classical in spirit? Or is it because the pedant, who struggles for mastery (and usually conquers) in every teacher, instinctively fastens on those portions of Latin and Greek which have always been the favorite victuals of pedantry? Whatever the explanation, the fact remains that Dante has inspired works which in any survey of American literature during the past fifty years could not be overlooked; and it should be added that such books as Dr. Fay's and Professor Sheldon's concordances, Mr. Koch's

"Bibliography," and Latham's edition of Dante's "Letters," not to mention articles on special points, bear equally high testimony to American philological scholarship.

Dante's idealism, with its vivid specific illustrations, appeals strongly to the highest type of American idealist. To the French, he has meant little, because they are not idealists. A race which has never really persuaded itself of the supremacy of the moral law — a race which expressed its characteristic views of life through Montaigne in the sixteenth century, through Molière in the seventeenth, through Voltaire in the eighteenth, and through Renan in the nineteenth — could not possibly find Dante's moral intensity congenial. The French think that they have exhausted him when they have turned over Doré's drawings of the Hell.

But let us not generalize farther. Dante's treasures are so varied that men who differ most widely among themselves are his admirers. Minds as far apart as Gladstone and Matthew Arnold called him master; dilettanti like Rossetti and Pater — (Pater, who declared Shadwell's sing-song verse the best English equivalent for Dante's *terza rima!*)

— sought Dante as if *he* were a dilettante; and so one might go on to enumerate the diversified company of those who would agree only in their admiration of Dante's genius. But the almost simultaneous publication of the Rev. Charles Allen Dinsmore's study, "The Teachings of Dante,"[1] and of Professor Charles Eliot Norton's revised translation of "The Divine Comedy,"[2] is a sufficient example of this. For in most matters, certainly in the forms in which most of the deepest concerns of life are expressed, Mr. Dinsmore and Mr. Norton would evidently not coincide, but in their idealism and in their moral earnestness the orthodox minister and the open-minded agnostic are akin.

Mr. Dinsmore's book is a surprise, because it suddenly springs up and proves its right to exist in a field which seemed already overcrowded. One would have said that for the average English reader Symonds's handbook, Maria Rossetti's "Shadow of Dante," and Mr. Edmund Gardner's recent marvelously

[1] *The Teachings of Dante.* By Charles Allen Dinsmore. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

[2] *The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri.* Translated by Charles Eliot Norton. Riverside Edition, 3 vols. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

compact primer would suffice; but one may have these and other manuals and still find Mr. Dinsmore's book of great value. Interesting it certainly is. Mr. Dinsmore differs from Symonds, Maria Rossetti, and Mr. Gardner in being interpretative rather than descriptive. They are intent on historical, biographical, and literary elucidation, and on disentangling the skein of allegory; he is concerned with the upshot of it all, with Dante's message.

The broad interpretation he gives of Dante's view of sin and redemption is unusually fresh because he approaches "The Divine Comedy" as a Calvinist. The depth of his criticism can best be shown in two or three brief quotations. "Our modern orthodox" (that is, Presbyterian) "view," he says, "beginning with faith, emphasizes the redemptive grace of God, and insists that man is saved, not by what he does for himself, but by what God does for him and with him. . . . We measure progress by our deepening consciousness that our lives are 'hid with Christ in God,' and out of this sense of intimate relationship grow all Christian joy and peace and hope. Coming to Dante from the atmosphere of the modern pulpit, we are

surprised at the utter absence of this feeling of the union of the soul with God during the process of salvation. . . . Another characteristic continually manifests itself. One cannot fail to note how conspicuously Christ is absent from this mighty drama of salvation. His work of atonement is assumed, his deity is fully recognized, but he himself is rather a celestial glory in the background than a pervasive presence on the scene of action. In Dante there is not the faintest intimation of the thought, so prominent in these days, that Christ is Christianity. His is distinctively a gospel of a system, ours of a person. . . . He differs from nearly all preëminent preachers of righteousness in his starting-point. He begins with man, they with God."

These extracts will suffice to show that Mr. Dinsmore goes to the very foundations; but only a reading of the book itself can give an idea of the ease and vigor and attractiveness with which he discusses his great themes. He is evidently a theologian; but above the intellectual pleasure which theological disputation brings him, he no less evidently sets practical religion, the application of doctrine to conduct. As he reads with his own eyes,

and thinks with his own brain, his criticism has an unacademic freshness which is like a cool breeze in the desert. Books with him are not mere topics for idle conversation, but vital facts, compounded of good and evil, to be used or shunned by the soul which has dedicated itself to righteousness.

At the outset, a casual reader might be misled, by Mr. Dinsmore's many admiring references to Jonathan Edwards, into expecting criticism of only parochial range; and, indeed, it is a mistake to call Edwards "our Puritan Dante." Edwards is now remembered chiefly for having mistaken a demon for God, and for describing the everlasting torments of hell with such terrific vividness that he has filled far more insane asylums on earth than seats of the blest in heaven. It is time that posterity, which has repudiated his abominable teachings, should let his name sink into oblivion. Herod has been execrated for causing the slaughter of a few hundred innocent babes; but Edwards devoted his talent to convincing the world that an omnipotent monster has gone on creating myriads of millions of human creatures, of whom hardly one in every thousand is "saved,"

and he calls this monster who had not Herod's excuse, "God," that is, Good. Let us have done with Edwards, and cease to imagine that he is in any sense a Dante.

But in his citation of modern authors, as in his references to the Bible and the classics, Mr. Dinsmore is often very striking: as when he points out that Vassall Morton, the hero of Francis Parkman's only novel, agrees with Dante in figuring "the depth of wretchedness as the bondage of a quagmire." In reading his chapter on "Purgatory in Literature," in which he concludes that the methods of expiation described by Hawthorne in "The Scarlet Letter" and by Tennyson in Guinevere, are "Dantean rather than Christian," you recognize a literary critic of independent judgment, just as, in the following passages, you perceive that he has converted certain large modern philosophic ideas into terms of literary criticism.

After stating that Dante is the greatest of all champions of the freedom of the will, in contrast with Shakespeare, who, in Hamlet, in Macbeth, in Othello, virtually "declares that man but half-controls his fate," Mr. Dinsmore continues: "The leading Greek

dramas still more impressively interpret man as a grain of wheat between the upper and nether millstones of adverse forces. The characters appear to be free, but if one looks deeper down, he perceives that they are the representatives of vast world powers, while the tragedy is the suffering of the individual as the two malign energies crush against each other. The classic tragedy is commonly constructed on the essential antagonism between the family and the state. The necessity of such collision is no longer apparent to us, and we have changed the name of the colossal powers that make sport of human life. For family and state we read heredity and environment, — taskmasters as exacting and irresistible, which allow even less room for the freedom of the individual will."

Such passages as these should convince readers who are in earnest that Mr. Dinsmore has written a book for them; lovers of Dante have already welcomed him as a congenial colleague. Merely as a running commentary on Dante's life and the chief currents of "The Divine Comedy," his book may be freely recommended; while for its

special qualities, to some of which I have briefly alluded, it deserves to be weighed by all students in this field.

Ten years have passed since Professor Norton first published his translation of "The Divine Comedy." These years have tested the work and left no doubt that it is the best in English; they have also popularized the conviction that prose, and not poetry, is the better medium for the translator to use. Anybody who can read a great poem in the original naturally desires to have the *form* which stamps it as poetry reproduced in a translation; but when he makes the experiment, he will find, in the case of two languages as dissimilar in their prosody as are English and Italian, that he must be content with a form which does not at all correspond to the original. In spite of many attempts, our poets, writing spontaneously in English, have never succeeded in naturalizing the Italian *terza rima:* Shelley came nearest, in that remarkable fragment, "The Triumph of Life"; but no ear accustomed to Dante can get equal satisfaction, or satisfaction of the same sort, from that as from the Italian; and no ear trained to English verse would mistake

Shelley's *terza rima* for native, in the way in which the *ottava rima* in Byron's "Beppo" and "Don Juan" is native.

An equivalent metrical form for the *terza rima* of "The Divine Comedy" being out of the question in English, what shall a translator bent on a metrical version do? If wise, like Longfellow, he will prefer blank verse; if foolish, or dilettante, like Mr. Lancelot Shadwell, he will choose Marvell's "Horatian Ode" as his pattern. Before our age of realism, which insists on the closest fidelity to fact, a translator might candidly announce that he proposed to put as much of the foreign poem into a genuine English metre as he could, regardless of metrical correspondence. Pope practically said this when he turned Homer's hexameters into heroic couplets; and, in the realm of painting, the old masters did this when they clothed Christ and his apostles in contemporary Renaissance garments, and were untroubled by the anachronism. Pope's poem possesses many excellences, but they are due to Pope's genius working in a medium over which it had absolute mastery, and not to any close resemblance to Homer; but to-day, when we

wish to know what Homer, and not Pope, actually says, it does not satisfy us.

And so we are thrown back to a prose translation as the vehicle which can convey the *substance* of Homer's epic or of Dante's, and convey it without interposing an English metrical form which no more represents that of the original than a cornet can represent a full orchestra. There is, of course, another medium, the so-called "poetic prose," a sort of *tertium quid*, of which the less we say the better. "Sir," quoth Dr. Johnson, referring to Macpherson's "Ossian," the most celebrated specimen of poetic prose ever perpetrated in English, "Sir, a man might write such stuff forever, if he would *abandon* his mind to it." Persons who delight in it have certainly never felt the rhythm which belongs as structurally to all good prose as to poetry; they, the fatuous ones, would paint the lily and throw a perfume on the violet. In vain do you tell them that, though walking and dancing have each their proper grace, to try to combine the two produces a ridiculous caper. But in literature, as in life, a pet is not the less fondled for being a mongrel.

Accepting thoroughbred prose, therefore, as the proper medium for translating "The Divine Comedy," the best translation will be that which gives in the best English the exact meaning of the original. It will be as truthful as a "crib," but it will have also those literary qualities which we look for in our racy prose. That such a happy combination could be hit upon, Dr. John Carlyle showed more than fifty years ago. His version was so good that had it covered the three canticles, instead of the first only, Mr. Norton has said that he would not have undertaken his translation. Mr. Norton has the obvious advantage over Dr. Carlyle in coming half a century later, when many obscurities due to imperfect text have been cleared up, when the minute details of Florentine and Italian history in Dante's time have been laid bare, and the few plain facts in Dante's own career have been separated from much fiction. But Mr. Norton's superiority has a still deeper cause than the wider information which is now accessible to every reader of Dante: it rests not merely on more knowledge, but on a more intimate sympathy. Dante has had many devotees, but among

them all none has surpassed Mr. Norton in a union of qualifications for understanding his spirit, and for communicating it to others. Add to this a command of English equal to every need, — English so transparent that it allows the meaning of the original to shine through without taking the slightest tinge from the translator's personality, — and you have the ideal translator.

It would be easy to demonstrate by parallel passages that Mr. Norton's version excels both in accuracy and in English style that of Dr. Carlyle, his only serious competitor in the first canticle, and those of Mr. A. J. Butler, Mr. Dugdale, and others, in the second and third; but such a method could be conclusive only if there were space here to give extracts sufficiently long and varied to be fairly representative. A few test passages might satisfy the expert; but any doubter who will read in succession the several versions of a single canto cannot fail, if he have an ear for English prose, to pronounce Mr. Norton's the best. And if he then compare the English line by line and word by word with the original, he will find that Mr. Norton interprets most closely Dante's thought.

This new edition is almost a new work, so carefully has Mr. Norton scrutinized every word and substituted the better for what was good before. This results, in some cases, in the adoption of a different interpretation. Thus in Francesca da Rimini's story the lines

> "Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse
> Quella lettura, e scolorocci il viso"

become "Many times that reading *urged our eyes*, and took the color from our faces," instead of the earlier, "Many times that reading *made us lift our eyes*, and took the color from our faces." John Carlyle has it, "Several times that reading urged our eyes to meet, and changed the color of our faces." Mr. Butler, who shows a tendency to paraphrase, says, "Many times did that reading impel our eyes, and change the hue of our visages." Which did Dante mean? That the reading so absorbed Francesca and her lover that it urged them to return to it several times, or that the amorous story caused them more than once to raise their eyes and look at each other, and to change color as they thus discovered their mutual passion? The reader may choose; I cite the passage to show how through what seems a slight verbal emenda-

tion the new edition sometimes differs widely from the old.

More often the changes have apparently been inspired by the wish to make the English read more smoothly. Take, for instance, the opening of the twenty-sixth canto of Hell: "Rejoice, Florence, since thou art so great that over sea and land thou beatest thy wings, and thy name is spread through Hell. Among the thieves I found five such, thy citizens, whereat shame comes to me, and thou unto great honor risest not thereby." So reads the earlier version; the latter runs thus: "Rejoice, Florence, since thou art so great that thou beatest thy wings over sea and land, and thy name is spread through Hell! Among the thieves I found five such, thy citizens, whereat shame comes to me, and thou dost not mount unto great honor thereby." The ear acknowledges at once the superiority of the latter version. And so from the first page to the last, there are few lines which do not bear witness to the ten years' polishing which Mr. Norton has bestowed on this edition. He has treated word and phrase and sentence as a jeweler treats his gems. Anybody who compares the two versions will learn

how a mind of the most delicate critical sensitiveness works, — how patiently, how reasonably; now cautious, now trusting boldly to imagination. Here we see taste in action.

This new version not only supersedes the old in the text, but also in the notes, which are at least trebled in number, though still brief, pertinent, and uncontroversial. With these volumes a person reading only English can get an intimate knowledge of the substance of "The Divine Comedy" — yes, and more than the substance — and an explanation of all the really important difficulties. If any passages remain dark, it is because they are dark in the original, and the translator does not believe in substituting for Dante's words an explanatory paraphrase. We wish that it had been possible to reprint as a general introduction the essay on Dante which Mr. Norton prepared for Warner's Library a few years ago; for nowhere else in the same compass — not even in Lowell's essay — can the novice and the expert alike find so precious a survey of Dante and his works.

Next to writing a classic, the best service which a man of letters can render is to trans-

late a classic so that it shall live in a new language as if it were a native. This Mr. Norton has done, and those of us who take the highest view of literature must feel grateful to him for this final revision: an artist less conscientious than he would have been satisfied with his earlier achievement. Now Dante lives in English, and it may well turn out that this translation shall stand as the chief literary product in America during the past twenty years. Our fiction varies with the seasons, nay, with the months and weeks: who recalls now the title of the novel which last June or July a dozen of our best-known critics declared would be read as long as the English language lasts? I wonder that the older novelists — Mr. Howells, for instance — do not republish under new names their earlier works; would anybody know? Some of our critics expound literature according to the social position of authors, or, following Pater, books are to them like different kinds of candy, and the business of the critic is to describe the flavor of each as it glides over the palate. Our poets — but let us respect their incognito. Amid such conditions, common to periods of reaction, it must be

beneficial to have attention once again centred on Dante, who is a sure antidote to persiflage and dilettanteism, and to the worship of the things which perish, and who, of all poets, best teaches how man makes himself eternal. To Mr. Norton let us apply Sainte-Beuve's shining phrase, "*La belle destinée de ne pouvoir plus mourir, sinon avec un immortel!*"

GIORDANO BRUNO'S "EXPULSION OF THE BEAST TRIUMPHANT"

GIORDANO BRUNO'S "EXPULSION OF THE BEAST TRIUMPHANT"[1]

Among the pioneers of human thought whose memories our time has rescued from unmerited oblivion, Giordano Bruno stands conspicuous. Born in 1548, he was burned by order of the Inquisition in 1600. Coming at the period when Protestantism had finally established itself in northern Europe, and when Catholicism, unable to crush it out, had, at the Council of Trent, decreed "no compromise," Bruno treated with equal scorn the upholders of both the old and the new religion. By temperament, he could not conform. He saw too clearly the insufficiency and contradictions in any orthodox creed, and he could not refrain from saying so. He was one of those rare beings who, in the presence of the universe, find all classification, all limiting

[1] From *The New World*, September, 1894. For biographical study of Giordano Bruno, I may refer the reader to my volume, "Throne-Makers," in which is reprinted my essay from *The Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1890.

definitions, intolerably inadequate; he was a heretic, a seeker after truth, whose daring exploration blazed the way for the builders of a wider orthodoxy. As much by what he shatters as by what he suggests must we value him, — by the penetration of his separate thoughts, rather than by the permanent applicability of his whole system of thought.

The most popular, if not the most important of Bruno's Italian writings is his "Expulsion of the Beast Triumphant," — a vast, strange work, which comes to us swaddled in the rhetorical and scholastic garb of the sixteenth century, but which still reveals a mighty heart, and a soul in which brood deep thoughts concerning the destiny of man, the order of the universe, and the nature of God. No satire more powerful — not even that of Rabelais — was written during the Renaissance. Under a thin disguise of allegory — put on to allow him to say what, if said nakedly, would have brought him the sooner to the stake — Bruno exposes the inadequacy of all anthropomorphic religion, whether Christian or Pagan, Hebrew or Mahometan. Outwardly he seems to be ridi-

culing the exploded polytheism of classic Greece and Rome; inwardly, he aims at overthrowing the worship of any god made in the likeness of man, and at substituting for such a personal deity the reign of ethical truth, impersonal and everlasting. As the mass of mankind are still at the anthropomorphic stage in religion, Bruno's "Expulsion of the Beast Triumphant" has a direct application to-day, and is not merely one of those products of an outgrown period to be read, if read at all, for their antiquarian interest. I propose, therefore, to present as briefly as possible Bruno's satire; but while endeavoring to make it readily intelligible to a modern reader, as an exact translation could not be, I shall guard against importing into his thoughts modern connotations which do not belong there, and from cumbering this paraphrase with criticism of my own.

Bruno spent some time in England about 1580, and he dedicates his work to Sir Philip Sidney, "of truly heroic disposition." In this dedication he states that Jove, "who represents each one of us," and also typifies the Supreme Being as then worshiped, after

a long reign of sensuality and unreason, becomes suddenly aware that he is growing old, and that Fate, to whom he also is subject, will dethrone him and his Olympian comrades, and will set up worthier deities in their stead. Smitten by this premonition of decay, Jove resolves to make what reparation he can by expelling from heaven the evidences of lust and misrule and folly, and to replace them by the virtues, too long neglected. The description of this reform is given in three dialogues, in which Sofia, or Wisdom, reports to Saulino, a philosopher, the news as it is brought to her by Mercury.

Wisdom at first lays down one of Bruno's radical principles, "that the beginning, middle, and end — the birth, growth, and perfection — of all we see is by contraries, through contraries, in contraries, to contraries," — change and varieties being the laws of life, the sources of pleasure, the necessary conditions of development. Latterly, Jove himself has waked up to this truth. He will have no more of those lascivious metamorphoses into swans, or eagles, or satyrs; Vulcan shall close his stithy on holy days; Bacchus and his crew shall confine their jollity to the Carni-

val season; Cupid is forbidden to wander about in the presence of men, heroes, and gods, without his breeches, as is his custom, and he is enjoined no longer to offend the eyesight of the heavenly company by showing his nakedness on the Milky Way or in the Olympian Senate, but for the future to go clothed — at least from the waist downwards. Ganymede, and Hyacinth the lover of Apollo, and all the other young persons of doubtful morals have fallen into disfavor. The day before yesterday, the anniversary of the victory of the Gods over the Giants, all this came about. When Venus approached the loud-thundering Father, to caress him, she was rebuked by him. "It is no time for caresses," said he; "you imagine that once young means always young; whereas, age steals upon us, too. I am become like Æsop's old lion whom the ass kicks with impunity, and the monkey insults with grimaces. There, where I had oracles most noble, and temples and altars, now, — these being overthrown and most unworthily profaned, — in their place they have set up shrines and statues to certain ones whom I am ashamed to name, because they are worse than our

satyrs and fauns and other half-beasts, nay, viler than the Egyptian crocodiles. To our nostrils comes no longer the smoke of roasting done in our service on the altar; and if, now and then, we desire to smell it, we must visit our kitchens, like pastry-cook gods. Behold how my body dries, and humors seethe in my brain; my joints stiffen and my teeth drop; my flesh turns golden, and my locks turn silvery; my eyelids are swollen, and my vision contracts; my wind grows feeble, and my cough increases. You see, therefore, dear sister, how the traitor, Time, masters us — how we are all subject to mutation; and what most afflicts us is, that we have neither certitude nor hope of recovering that very estate in which we were once. Only Truth, with absolute Virtue, is immortal; and though sometimes she falls or is submerged, necessarily, at the appointed hour, she rises, her handmaiden Wisdom stretching her arm to her."

So Jove speaks to Venus, instead of welcoming her kisses, or joining her in the dance; and immediately after dinner, he summons all the Gods and Goddesses to a council. Momus, God of mockery and satire, objects

that the time is unpropitious, and hints that the Great Father has drunk too freely of nectar, which makes some merry and some melancholy. But Jove heeds not the banter, and he announces immediately that matters of such gravity await decision that the customary after-dinner revels must be postponed. It will be better to hear and discuss the sad news, having eaten, than on an empty stomach. Then he attacks the business boldly. "To-day," he says, "we celebrate our victory over the Giants, yet by the very mice of the Earth are we despised and abused; and with reason, because the firmament itself bears witness to our misdeeds. Why is the Dolphin, joined on the north by Capricorn, master of fifteen stars? He is there, so that all the world may contemplate the assumption of him who was a good broker, not to say pander, between Neptune and Amphitrite. For what reason does Sagittarius usurp one-and-thirty stars? Because he was the son of Euschemia, nurse of the Muses. Why is Orion, all armed for single combat, with wide-stretched arms, studded with thirty-eight stars, in the eastern latitude near Taurus? He stands there simply by Neptune's caprice. . . . Behold, O Gods,

our works! behold our egregious handiwork, with which we make ourselves honored in heaven! You see what fine productions, not much unlike those which children are wont to make, when, striving to imitate the works of their elders, they build with clay, dough, twigs, sticks, and straws. Do you think we shall not be called to account for all this? Errors, due to frailty or to injudicious levity, can be suffered and easily condoned: but what mercy, what pity shall be shown to errors which are committed by those who, appointed presidents of justice, contribute by their most criminal faults even greater errors in honoring, rewarding, and exalting in heaven crimes and criminals together? I confess my sins, O Gods; mine and yours cannot be hidden. Let us provide, therefore, for our future; because, although Fate has not granted that we should not fall, yet it has granted that we may rise. Let us be converted to Justice, in departing from which we departed from ourselves, so that, being no longer Gods, we are no longer ourselves. And first of all let us reform ourselves in heaven, which, intellectually, is within us, and then in the sensible world which presents

itself corporeally to our eyes. If we would alter our condition, let us change our manners! Let us purify the inner affection, and the outward reformation will be easy! I perceive that you desire to do this: three days hence we will meet again and confer upon the speedy cleansing of our celestial abodes."

At the appointed time the Gods reconvene. The examination begins with the northern part of the firmament. "What disposition will you make of the Bear?" asks Jove. Momus replies that the Gods have long been disgusted that the most illustrious position should be occupied by that beast, and that the star to which all sailors in earth and all contemplators in heaven look for guidance should be placed in her tail, to satisfy one of Juno's whims; because Nature, which probably is better informed than Juno, has denied a tail to bears. Therefore let the creature be removed. "Away with it, whithersoever you please," says Jove, "either to the bearish English or to the Orsini or Cesarini of Rome —for she enjoys a city life." "Let her be shut up in the cloisters at Berne," pleads Juno. "Anywhere she chooses," Jove continues, "so long as she vacates that most

eminent seat, which I desire Truth to occupy henceforth." "But what shall we do with the Great Bear?" Momus asks. "As she is old, let her go as chaperon to the little one, and take care that she doesn't corrupt her." "How shall we dispose of the Dragon?" says Mars. "Oh, he's a useless beast!" exclaims Momus; "we'll send him to Ireland, or to one of the Orcades, to pasture." In place of the Dragon, Jove decrees that Prudence shall sit. Then they dispatch Cepheus, and summon Wisdom to succeed him.

Jove next decides that Law shall occupy the seat from which they dismiss Arctophylax, that the Northern Crown shall remain till some invincible hero shall deserve it by bringing peace to afflicted Europe. "To effect that 't were enough," quoth Momus, "to put an end to that cowardly sect of pedants who, without well-doing, according to law divine and natural, esteem themselves and wish to be esteemed worshipers pleasing to the Gods. They say that to do good is good, to do wrong is bad; but no matter how much good one may do, or how much evil one may not do, that one does not so become worthy and pleasing in the sight of the Gods but by

hoping and believing according to their catechism. The worst is, that they defame us, saying that this is an institution of the Gods, and with this they blame deeds and fruits, even dubbing them defects and vices. They heed not righteous acts. Further, whilst they pretend that their whole care is concerning things invisible, which neither they nor any one else ever understood, they say that to acquire that knowledge only Destiny suffices, — Destiny which is inscrutable, — by means of certain favors and fantasies, on which the Gods especially feed."

"Then," says Mercury, "since there is not freedom of choice, those who are predestined to regard good works as unnecessary ought not to be wroth with those who are predestined to assert that good works are as necessary as faith." "All who have natural judgment," says Apollo, "judge the laws to be good because they have for their object practice, and those are best which give occasion to the best practice. Some laws are accorded by us, some are framed by men, for the convenience of human life; and since some men never see the fruit of their merits in this life, there is promised them the good

and evil, the reward and punishment, of another life, according to their works. Of all who believe and teach otherwise, these alone deserve to be driven from heaven and earth, and to be exterminated as the plague of the world, not more worthy of mercy than are wolves, bears, and serpents." Saturn maintains that this idle race, who rely for salvation upon faith instead of virtuous acts, should, after their death, inhabit the bodies of swine, or of oysters, for many hundred years; but Mercury replies, that in justice the punishment of idleness should be toil. "Therefore it will be better that they become asses, whereby they may keep their ignorance and be cut off from idleness, and in reward for continuous work have scanty hay and straw for food, and many a cudgeling for guerdon." All the Gods approve; Jove consents, adding that this particular crown shall be replaced by an ideal crown from which infinite others shall proceed, and that the ideal sword be joined with it. By which Jove means universal judgment.

Momus now points to Hercules, and asks Jove, "What shall we do with that bastard of yours?" Thereupon Jove feels compas-

sion for the hero, who, he says, is not blameable for his origin, and who bore himself nobly upon earth. Chance made him human; by his own deeds he approved himself a worthy son of Jove; still, although no exception can be made in his favor, when he returns to earth he shall have honor and reputation not less than if he remained in heaven. "I ordain that he be a sort of terrestrial god." "So be it!" exclaim many of the Gods. "Many new monsters have arisen down there," continues Jove; "let him abolish them!"

When Wisdom had reached this point in her narration she beheld Mercury approaching; so she bade Saulino farewell till the morrow, and turned to greet the celestial messenger. He told her that he could not long delay, on an errand to earth. "What business have you there?" asked Wisdom. "Jove has commanded," Mercury explains, "that to-day at noon two melons among the others in Franzino's melon patch become perfectly ripe, but that they be not picked until three days hence, when they won't be good to eat. He wills further that Albenzio's wife Nasta, while crimping her forehead

curls, shall, from having heated the iron too hot, burn fifty-seven hairs, but not her head, and that this time she shall not swear when she smells the singeing, but bear it patiently. Further, that at fifteen minutes past twelve, by a movement of the tongue, which she shall have rubbed over her palate for the fourth time, Fiurulo's old woman shall lose her third molar tooth on her right-hand under jaw, that it shall drop without bleeding or pain, because it has reached the end of its aching, which has lasted just seventeen annual lunar revolutions. Also, that of seven moles which started four days ago from the bowels of the earth, taking different roads upward, two shall come to the surface at the same time, one at exactly noon, another fifteen minutes and nineteen seconds later; distant from each other three paces one foot and half an inch, in the garden of Anton Fainano; the time and place of the others will be decreed hereafter."

Wisdom was surprised at this list of special providences. She wished to know how Mercury would have time to accomplish not only these but innumerable others; so he explained to her the relation of the infinite to the finite.

Jove is not, as some philosophers presume, overburdened with cares. He "does all without occupation, solicitude, and hindrance, because he has numberless species and infinite individuals; he foresees, in issuing his command, and having issued his command,—not in a certain successive order, but in a twinkling and simultaneously, and he does not operate by efficient causes one by one, with many actions, and by these actions come to infinite acts; but the whole past, present, and future he creates with one act, simple and single. Unity is in infinite number, and infinite number in unity. Where there is not unity there is no number, finite or infinite; where there is number there must be unity. Therefore, he who, not accidentally (like some particular intellects), but essentially (like the Universal Intelligence), comprehends unity, comprehends the unit and number, finite and infinite, the end and term of all; and he can do all, not only in the universal, but in the particular besides. And this I am constrained to reveal to you," Mercury added, "lest, through the many afflictions by which you are perturbed, you be too easily lured to ponder not too piously the government of the

Gods: a government which, at the end of ends, is just and sacrosanct, although things may appear, as you see, very confused. Do not suppose that anything in the universe is trivial; every meanest thing is most important in the order of the whole and of the universe; for the great things are composed of the small, and the small of the least, and these of individuals and minims. Divine cognition does not resemble ours, which follows after things; but it precedes things, and is in all of them, so that, if it were not found in them, there would be neither primary nor secondary causes." Upon this, after a few parting words, Mercury sets forth on his mission.

Wisdom opens her second dialogue with Saulino, by stating in very noble language why Truth is entitled to the most eminent post in heaven. "Truth is that entity which is inferior to none other: because, if you would imagine anything before Truth, you must suppose it to be other than Truth; therefore it cannot be true, and must be false, nothing, non-existent. Nor can anything be after Truth; because if it comes after, it must come without her. So Truth is before all things, with all things, and after all things.

She is ideal, natural, and rational; metaphysical, physical, and logical. But truly this Truth which you perceive by the senses, and are able to understand by the height of your intellect, is not the supreme and primal Truth, but a certain figure and image and splendor of that which is superior to Jove, the frequent theme of our discourse and the subject of our metaphors."

"Most worthily!" exclaims Saulino: "because Truth is the most sincere, the most divine cause of all: nay, the divinity and sincerity, the goodness and beauty of all things, is Truth, which neither through violence is taken away, nor through antiquity becomes corrupt, nor through veiling is diminished, nor through communication is dissipated; for the sense does not confound her, nor time set wrinkles on her face, nor space hide her, nor night interrupt her, nor darkness conceal her; but, by being more and more assailed, more and more she revives and grows; without defender and protector she defends herself, and therefore she loves the fellowship of the few and wise, she hates the multitude, she reveals herself to those only who seek her for herself, and will not

be declared to those who do not humbly lay themselves bare before her, nor to those who with fraud approach her; and therefore she dwells most lofty, where all look and few see."

Wisdom next describes Prudence, who has a twofold nature, being called Providence, in so far as she influences and abides in superior principles, and Prudence, in so far as she operates through us. Wisdom, also, is a twin — the one supra-celestial and ultra-mundane, light and eye; the other, earthly and inferior, but a participant in Truth; not the sun, — but the earth, the moon, and the star which shines by his light. The former is invisible, incomprehensible, indescribable, above, within, and beyond everything; the latter is personified in heaven, illustrated by men of genius, communicated by words, set forth by the arts, burnished by discussions, outlined by writings. Woe to those who do not seek her for herself, or for the supreme virtue and love of the Deity, who transcends every Jove and every heaven, but in order to sell her for money, or honors, or other kind of gain; or not so much because they desire to learn, as because they wish to be deemed learned; or

to detract and wrangle. Those who seek her to edify themselves are prudent; the others, who study her to edify their neighbors, are humane; those who seek her absolutely are curious; those who inquire out of love for the supreme and prime verity are wise, and consequently happy. "But why," asks Saulino, "is there so great a diversity among those who possess Wisdom? Why do some who possess most seem least edified?" "Whence does it happen," Wisdom replies, "that the sun does not warm all those it shines upon, and that sometimes it heats those least on whom it shines brightest?"

They then discuss Law, to whom Jove has assigned a position near Truth, Prudence, and Wisdom. Law can encounter indignity only when she follows one of two paths, "of which one is that of Iniquity, commanding and proposing unjust things, the other is that of Difficulty, commanding and proposing impossible things, which are also unjust; because there are two hands by which Laws can enforce every statute: Justice is one, Possibility the other; and of these, one moderates the other, since, although many things are possible which are not just, nothing is

just which is not possible. So no law ought to be accepted which is not conformable to the practice of the human race." Next by implication Bruno, speaking through Saulino, condemns celibacy, as an unnatural and arbitrary law, imposed by the Church of Rome upon its clergy.

From Law, Wisdom passes on to Justice, upon whom Jove has enjoined the defense and care of the true law, and the destruction of the iniquitous and false, bidding her further to kindle, as far as she can, in human breasts the appetite for glory, because this is that sole and most efficacious incentive which is wont to impel men, and to heat them for those heroic deeds which increase, preserve, and fortify the commonwealth. "But," Saulino objects, "those of the counterfeit religion call all these glories vain; saying that we must glory in I know not what cabalistic tragedy." "Never believe," Wisdom replies, "that the Gods in any way take interest in those things in which no man is interested; for the Gods heed only that by which they may aid men; they are moved, and angered, by no word, deed, or thought of theirs, except in so far as it may lessen that respect by

which republics endure. The Gods would not be Gods, if they took pleasure or displeasure, sadness or joy, from anything men say or do. So that it is an unworthy, stupid, profane, and blameworthy thing to suppose that the Gods desire the reverence, fear, love, worship, and respect of men, for any other good end and usefulness, save of men themselves; because, being most glorious in themselves, and incapable of having their glory augmented from without, they have made the laws not so much for receiving glory as for communicating glory to men. Jove wills that, comparatively, the greatest errors are those which harm the commonwealth; the lesser, those which harm our neighbors; the least, those which happen between two persons; and he judges as nothing that fault which works no bad example or bad effect, but springs from an accidental impulse in the temperament of the individual. He approves penitence, but not equally with innocence; he approves faith, but not equally with doing; so of confession, in respect to correcting and abstaining; he does not decree that a man who vainly tames his body shall sit next to one who bridles his spirit; he does not distinguish

customs and religion so much by variety of gowns and differences of garb as by the good and more good habits of virtue and discipline ; he praises less one who may have healed a vile and worthless cripple, who is worth little or nothing more being healed, than another who may have freed his country, or reformed a disturbed mind. Dear to the Gods are they who employ the perfection of their own and other minds, who serve the community, and who expressly attend to acts of magnanimity, justice, and mercy."

Saulino next inquires if Jove has issued a special decree against the temerity of those grammarians [Protestants] who now increase in Europe. "Observe," replies Wisdom, "whether, whilst they say they wish to reform the deformed religions and laws, they do not spoil all the good there is in them, and confirm and lift to the stars all that is perverse and vain. Do they bring other fruits, except of breaking up assemblies ; dissipating concords ; dissolving unions ; making sons to rebel against their fathers, servants against their masters, subjects against their superiors ; sowing schisms between people and people, race and race, comrade and com-

rade, brother and brother; and splitting up families, cities, republics, and kingdoms? Do they, whilst they greet with peace, bring wherever they enter the knife of division? Whilst they declare themselves the ministers of one who raises the dead and heals the infirm, is it not they who, beyond all others whom earth feeds, wound the healthy and butcher the living, not so much with fire and sword as with their baleful tongue? They talk of peace and concord, — they, among a thousand of whom you will not find one who has not framed a catechism of his own! and who does not destroy to-day what he wrote yesterday!" "We shall soon see," says Saulino, sarcastically, "how dexterous these fellows are in acquiring an ell of earth, who are so effusive and prodigal in bestowing the kingdoms of the heavens!"

When the Gods next met, Gods Riches and Poverty were heard. Then Fortune came arrogantly forward. It would be pusillanimous for her to keep silence, she said, after Riches and Poverty had spoken boldly. "I am that Goddess divine and excellent, as much desired as sought, and held so dear, instead of whom Jove most frequently is

thanked. Riches proceed from my open hand, but if I close my palms, all the world weeps, and cities, kingdoms, empires are turned upside down. How often, too, have I control over Reason, Truth, Justice, and other Gods!" Momus objected to all this, and much more, that the other Gods claimed a seat in heaven on the plea of good deeds, whereas Fortune admitted to having wrought evil. "Although that were true," said she, "it was not evil; because when Fate determines, it is well done, and were my nature venomous like that of the viper, it would not be my fault, but Nature's. Besides, nothing is absolutely bad; because the viper is not deadly and poisonous to the viper, nor the lion to the lion, dragon to dragon, bear to bear; but each thing is bad in respect to some other, just as you, virtuous Gods, are evil towards the vicious. Therefore, I, — Fortune, — though I seem evil towards some, am divining good to others. How many excellent philosophers, such as Empedocles and Epicurus, attribute more to me than to Jove himself!"

She defended her cause stoutly, and when Minerva taunted her with blindness, she replied that she had a good ear and intellect,

nevertheless; and that, after all, eyes are not the most necessary organs. Were not Democritus, and Tiresias, and Homer, and many, many others, illustrious by their wisdom or virtue, blind? "Blindness robs me of nothing, absolutely nothing, needed for the perfection of my being," she continued. "Eyes are made to distinguish and know differences, — I will not stop to show how often judges are deceived by them, — but I am Justice itself, I need not distinguish; but, as all things are really one substance, so it is my duty to place all in a certain equality, to esteem all alike, and to be not more prompt in beholding or calling one than another, and not more disposed to regale one than another, or more inclined towards the nearest than towards the distant. I see not mitres, togas, crowns, arts, geniuses; I perceive not merits and demerits; they are accidents, not essences. So, I am perfectly fair. I put all in an urn, shake them up, and the hazard to him who gets it! and who gets the good, well for him — and who gets the bad, ill for him. True, they complain bitterly of the hand which draws those unequal lots, but, O Gods, that comes from your inequality, iniquity, and injustice. Yours is the fault; yours

be the blame, because Wisdom does not communicate herself to all in equal measure; Temperance dwells in few; Goodness gives her largess unequally; Truth shows herself to very few. Thus you other good deities are niggardly and most partial, causing the very inequalities you charge me with. Prudence throws but three names into the urn; Truth barely one, or none; yet you expect me, who am impartial, to choose one of those sooner than one of 900,000 others. Do you make all men equal in virtue and understanding, and then I shall draw none but good lots, and reward none but the worthy." "Nevertheless," Momus argued, "you would still be unjust: because, although everybody might be worthy of a duchy, let us say, you would make only one a duke!" Fortune, smiling, answered: "You talk of what I would be, not of what I am: let us deal with facts, and not with suppositions. You admit that I am just, but would be unjust; you, Gods, are unjust, and would be just. As for that duchy, it would be plainly impossible for all to have it, — the impossible regards neither justice nor injustice; but it is possible that all should have an equal chance to

win it, and that I would impartially give them."

"Fortune has argued right cleverly," quoth Jove, "and well deserves a seat in heaven! But since she is in all concerns, she shall not be restricted to a single abode, neither here nor on earth. Let the habitations of the others be open to her; since all obeys the destiny of mutation, all passes through the urn, through the revolution, and through the hand of your Excellency."

After this decision, with which none of the Gods quarreled, Jove assigned Hercules's seat to Strength. Then in place of the Lyre, Memory, and the Nine Muses — Arithmetic, Geometry, Music, Logic, Poesy, Astrology, Physic, Metaphysic, and Ethic — were established. Next, Perseus had honorable dismissal, being commanded to return to Earth and slay the new Gorgons there. Instead of him, Diligence (or Industry) occupied the shining constellation. "Overcome all things, even thyself!" said Jove; "toil, but without knowing that thou toilest! The highest perfection is not to feel weariness and pain when we are enduring weariness and pain. Up then! if thou be a virtue, busy not thyself with base

things, nor with frivolous, nor with vain things! Difficulty shall flee thee. Thou shalt drive off misfortune, and seize fortune by the forelock! Vigilance be thy sentinel, to guard thee against foolish undertakings, to warn thee that it is more grievous to have used thine arms in vain than with hands full to have carried stones." Diligence accepted her mission nobly, exclaiming: "Why do we idle and sleep in life, when we must, alas! idle so much and sleep so long in death? For even though we expect another life, or other mode of being ourselves, it will not be this same life of ours: for this passes away forever, and hopes for no return. Hope, why dost thou not spur me; why dost thou not incite me? Come, bid me to await a happy result from difficulties, if I be not too hasty, or cease from my work too soon; do not allow me to promise myself rewards for as long as I may live, but for as long as I shall live nobly!"

Mercury now appears, saying that he was sent by Jove to repair the destruction wrought by Discord in the Parthenopean Kingdom. Boundless Avarice, which works under the pretext of wishing to maintain religion, was the cause. As a remedy she

" would increase the punishment of the delinquents, so that many innocents suffer the same penalty as one criminal; and thus the prince grows fatter and fatter." Wisdom says: " 'Tis natural that sheep, which have a wolf for governor, should be punished by being devoured by him "; and Mercury replies, " But it is doubtful whether sometimes merely his great hunger and gluttony do not make them culpable. And it is against every law that through the fault of their father, the lambs and their mother should be punished." Wisdom continues: " Verily, I have never found such a judgment, except among savage barbarians; I think it was first discovered among the Jews, for they are a race so pestilent, leprous, and generally so pernicious, that they deserve to be blotted out rather than born."

Betimes next morning, Wisdom continues her dialogue with Saulino, saying that Diligence had scarcely finished, and was moving toward the place quitted by Perseus, when Idleness insisted on being heard. Jove then decreed that Idleness should never be pleasurable and honored, except as a change from Toil, or as giving Diligence the opportunity

to meditate fresh achievements. "I depute you to be master of old age, whose eyes you shall often turn backward, and if she have not left worthy traces, you shall cause her to be uneasy and sad, and to dread the coming judgment and the impending season, which lead to the inexorable tribunal of Rhadamanthus; and thus she shall feel the horrors of death, before death comes." So Idleness was dispatched.

"We must dispose of the other seats more rapidly," quoth Saturn, "for the evening approaches." Most of the Gods showed their approval by a nod, and the proceedings were more active. I must pass over much, but you must hear what Jove said about Germany. "It is the dear delightful country," said he, "where sauce-pans are shields, pots and kettles are helmets, bones sheathed in salt meat are swords, tumblers, jugs, and goblets are trumpets, kegs and barrels are drums, the drinking-table is the battle-field; where wine-cellars, dramshops, and taverns are the fortresses, bulwarks, castles, and bastions. The people there have generally eye-troubles, and drink incomparably more than they eat. Nevertheless, I send the Eagle to Germany,

and in place of him here stablish Magnanimity, Magnificence, and Generosity."

In place of Pegasus, Jove summoned Divine Rapture and Prophecy; for Andromeda, he substituted Hope, "that most holy buckler of the human heart, that divine corner-stone of all the edifices of goodness, that most stanch shelter to Truth"; the Triangle he caused to give way to Good Faith and Sincerity. "Behold," said Minerva, "to what a pass the world is reduced, where it has become a habit and proverb, that to reign one must not keep faith, and that it is right to deceive him who deceives." "I decree that this be not lawful," said Jove sternly, "although it be the law of some beastly and barbarous Jew or Saracen [Bruno means the Jesuits], and not of a civilized and heroic Greek or Roman, that sometimes and with some persons, merely for selfish convenience, it is proper to keep faith, making her the minister of tyranny and treachery." Saulino interrupts to say, "There is not, Wisdom, an offense more infamous, rascally, and unworthy of pity, than this which is done to one man by another, because one has trusted the other and been deceived by him!"

Wisdom continues: The Gods next took counsel concerning the Ram, whom Jove relegated to England, where his breed is so handsome, white, and fat; the Bull was allowed to follow him, unless he preferred to dwell in Turin. In their place came Emulation and Zeal. Over Capricorn there was much discussion. Momus declared that he had led the Egyptians to honor the living images of beasts. "That seems not a crime to me," Jove replied, "because animals and plants are the living effects of Nature, who is, as you ought to know, nothing else than God in things. Nevertheless, divers living things represent divers Gods and Powers; because, besides absolute existence, which they have, they share the existence communicated to all things, according to their measure and capacity. Hence all is God, though not totally, but he is in all things more or less. Therefore you will find Mars more efficaciously in some natural substance — as in the viper, or scorpion, or onion — than in any sort of picture or statue. Thus let the crocus, the narcissus, the heliotrope, the cock, the lion, remind you of the Sun; thus should all things reveal to you in some degree

some of the Gods." "That is true," Momus added. "But this I deplore, that some senseless and stupid idolaters seek for the divinity, of which they have no conception, in the carcases of dead, inanimate things" [Catholic worship of relics]. "Let that not irritate you," said Iris, "because Fate has appointed the sequence of darkness and light." "But the evil is," replied Momus, "that they hold it for sure that they stand in the light." "Oh, darkness would not be darkness, if they recognized it as such," said Iris. "That worship of the Egyptians was not a mere empty ceremony: it enabled them, by reason of profound magic, to pass through certain natural objects in which the Deity was latent in some measure and to communicate with the Gods. Hence, for victory they poured their libations to Jove the Magnanimous, as represented in the eagle; for prudence in their affairs, they sacrificed to Jove the Sagacious, as represented in the serpent, and so on."

Saulino objects that Jove was never named in Egyptian worship, and came long afterwards among the Greeks, but Wisdom answers, "Let not the Greek name bother you;

because I speak according to the most general custom, and because even among the Greeks the names are fictitious; for all know that Jove was a Cretan king, a mortal man, whose body, like all other men's, rotted or was burned. Venus was a mortal woman, beyond telling beautiful, and Queen of Cyprus. The same applies to all the other Gods who are known as men."

Saulino inquiring, "How, then, were they invoked and adored?" Wisdom says: "I will tell you. Men did not adore Jove as if he were the Deity, but they adored the Deity as it was revealed in Jove: because, seeing a man in whom majesty, justice, and magnanimity shone forth, they believed that a magnanimous, just, and benign god dwelt in him, and they ordered and put in practice that such a god, or the Deity, by as much as he thus communicated himself, should be called Jove. So you see that crocodiles, cocks, and onions were never worshiped, but the Gods and the Deity in them. And though we apprehend the Deity piecemeal, in divers objects and creatures, yet is it one: as it diffuses and communicates itself in innumerable modes, so it has innumerable names, each mode to be

sought in appropriate fashion, with innumerable rites, because from the Deity we derive countless kinds of grace. In order to this are needed that wisdom and judgment, that art, industry, and use of intellectual light, which from time to time is more or less shed upon Earth; we call this magic, which when it touches supernatural principles is divine; and when it concerns the contemplation of Nature, and the scrutiny of her secrets, is natural, and is called intermediary and mathematical; and when it studies the motives and acts of the soul — the horizon of the corporeal and spiritual — it is spiritual and intellectual."

Saulino asks: "Then the end of all is that all Deity springs from one Source: the several Gods are but emanations from that, as mirrors reflect the primal light of the Sun?" and Wisdom responds: "That is true. So that God, as absolute, deals not with us, excepting in so much as he communicates himself to the processes of Nature, and is more intimate in them than Nature is herself; therefore, if he is not very Nature, he is certainly the nature of Nature; and the soul of the Soul of the World, if he is not that Soul itself.

Do you not recall the lament of Hermes Trismegistus? 'Our land of Egypt,' he said, 'is the temple of the world! But, alas! the time will come when Egypt shall seem to have vainly been the religious worshiper of the Divinity; but the Divinity, migrating back to heaven, shall leave Egypt deserted, and this holy place will remain widowed of every religion, from being bereft of the presence of the Gods; wherefore there will succeed a strange and barbarous people, without religion, piety, law, or any cult! O Egypt, Egypt, of thy religions there shall be heard only the fables, incredible even to the generations hereafter, to whom there will be none to narrate thy pious achievements, except the letters graven in stones, which speak not to Gods and men,—for these will be dead, and the Divinity translated to heaven,—but to Scythians and Indians, and others of like savage nature! Darkness shall overpower the light, death shall be deemed more useful than life, none shall lift his eyes to heaven, the religious man shall be held insane, the impious shall be adjudged prudent, the wrathful strong, the most wicked good! Only pernicious angels shall remain, who, mingling with men, shall

force them, wretched ones! to dare every crime as if it were justice, giving cause to wars, rapine, fraud, and all other things contrary to the soul and natural justice; and this shall be the old age, and the disorder, and the irreligion of the world. But doubt not; since God, the lord and father, governor of the world, shall by water or by fire, by ills or by pestilence, put an end to this stain, calling back the pure and ancient countenance.'"

"But I have digressed too far. After longer conference, Jove assigned to Contemplation the post of Capricorn. Aquarius was succeeded by Temperance, and the Whale, who served as galley, coach, or tabernacle to Jonah, by Tranquillity of Mind. Then they reached Orion. 'Let me dispose of him,' cried Momus. 'He's a rare fellow; for he can work miracles, and walk on the waves of the sea without sinking in, or wetting his feet. Let us send him among men, and let him make them believe all that he will — that white is black; that human intelligence, where it seems to see clearest, is blind; that the law of Nature is ribald; that Nature and God are opposed; that the Divinity is a good

mother to all the Greeks, and a cruel stepdame to all other nations, and that no one can become pleasing to the Gods except by becoming *Grecianized;* because the biggest rascal in Greece, being a member of the chosen people of the Gods, is incomparably better than the most just and magnanimous Roman, or citizen of any other land. And he will persuade them that philosophy and all contemplation, and all magic, which might make them like to us Gods, are nothing but follies; that every heroic act is nothing more than baseness, and that ignorance is the fairest science in the world, because it is acquired without fatigue, and does not subject the soul to melancholy. But beware, O Gods, lest he, having caught the prey, keep it for himself, saying that great Jove is not Jove, but that Orion is Jove, and the Gods are only chimeras and fantasies.' Minerva did not believe that any impostor could bring Jove into disrepute; then the Thunderer decreed that Orion should be dispatched to Earth, but that he should be deprived of his power of working miracles and similar sleights, which serve no purpose. Afterwards, with little debate, they rid heaven of the Hare, the Cup, the Hound, and the

remaining unworthinesses, and Jove declared that the crown should be bestowed upon Henry III of France, who loves peace and preserves his people, so far as he can, in tranquillity and devotion. Then, evening being come, the whole company of the Gods adjourned to supper, satisfied in their work, and Jove commanded that the Southern Fish be immediately cooked *au gratin*, for their delectation."

Even so slight a summary as this of "The Expulsion of the Beast Triumphant" shows how modern, how contemporaneous, Bruno was in his attitude towards many of the deepest problems of life. Like Spinoza, he was a "God-intoxicated man," and he felt — what many say but do not feel — the sublimity of being endowed with existence in an infinite and eternal universe. By his sense of the continuity and progressive development of the human race, by his application of the comparative method to various religions, by his rejection of the miraculous, above all, by his recognition that the various ideals which men at different times have worshiped as God have been but the personification of certain

human qualities, or of qualities animal rather than human, Giordano Bruno was so far in advance of his age as to be, in these respects, level with our own. From the heaven depicted in many of our creeds he would soon find many beasts to be expelled.

COUNTESS MARTINENGO
CESARESCO

COUNTESS MARTINENGO CESARESCO[1]

When women take so readily to novel-writing, in which the fortune and psychology of imaginary persons are their subject, why have they so little desire, or power, to portray the characters, motives, and acts of real men and women? Why have they achieved so little, so regrettably little, as historians or as biographers. This question recurred to me again and again in reading the recent volume of "Lombard Studies,"[2] by Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco, the only living English woman of letters, so far as I am aware, who has succeeded as a writer both of biography and of essays. So little has been made public about the career of this remarkable woman, whose position among her literary contemporaries is now assured, that an outline of it may be welcome.

Evelyn Carrington was born in 1852, her father being the Very Reverend Henry Car-

[1] *The Nation*, January 15, 1903.

[2] *Lombard Studies* (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1902).

rington, Dean of Bocking, Braintree, and her mother, Juanita, daughter of Captain Haseldene Lyall, of the Royal Navy. The Carringtons are an old English family, tracing back to Norman origins: the Lyalls are Scotch, the Red Comyn, Bruce's rival, being among their forerunners, and the Napiers among their recent kindred. More important than remote inheritance, however, is the fact that Dean Carrington's mother was Pauline Belli, whose father, Giovanni Belli, served as secretary to Warren Hastings in India and there became acquainted with Sir Edmund Carrington, the first Chief Justice of Ceylon. Pauline Belli and her two sisters — one of whom married Dr. Howley, subsequently Archbishop of Canterbury — were great London beauties in their day, and Pauline's portrait by Lawrence will convince whoever sees it in the South Kensington Museum that she deserved her reputation. When we add that the Belli had intermarried with the Spanish Bivars, descendants of the Cid, believers in heredity will find no difficulty in proving that Evelyn Carrington, with such a mixture of ancestry, was predestined to be a cosmopolite.

An accident in childhood, however, seems to have been more directly responsible for her development. When she was seven years old she suffered from a sunstroke, which fortunately saved her from being put through the conventional education of English gentlemen's daughters. Consecutive study was forbidden; she spent much time out of doors, and had many and strange pets — her fondness for animals, as appears in many places in her works, being almost as strong as her love of the chief human concerns. She had a nook to herself in her father's study, and there she browsed at will — no doubt more under his direction than she imagined. Shakespeare she spelled out for herself. This training, prolonged through childhood and youth, seems shockingly desultory to the devotees of routine pedagogy; but in her case it was marvelously successful. By the time she grew up, she knew far more of English literature than most young women, and she had, besides, command of French, German, Italian, Latin, and Greek, using them with the true scholar's ease. Her best teaching came from her father, a man of wide learning, who has made, but not

printed, a metrical version of the Greek dramatists, and whose published translations — Victor Hugo's "Poems," and "An Anthology of French Poetry" — show a perfect knowledge of French and unusual metrical facility.

Besides book learning, the daughter got from her father an intense enthusiasm for the ideals of liberty — those ideals which thrilled every generous heart in the fifties and sixties but which have been temporarily eclipsed through the dominance of Germany, with its inveterate love of despotism, its worship of force and of bureaucracy. From infancy she had heard especially of the Italian struggle for independence, a struggle then nearly achieved, which glowed with romance and heroism, and was the work of a wonderfully picturesque group of statesmen and soldiers leading millions of their responsive countrymen to national life. Cavour had but lately died. Garibaldi, a world-hero fresh from the glorious redemption of Sicily, was the idol of the multitude and the terror of ministries. Victor Emanuel, Mazzini, Ricasoli, Minghetti, and the great throng of patriots of the second magnitude, were in full vigor.

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!"

For Evelyn Carrington, with her Italian antecedents and liberty-loving spirit, the Italian cause and its heroes had an irresistible fascination. It is said that with her first pin-money she bought a photograph of Garibaldi, and it is certain that her earliest printed work, written while she was still a girl, was "La Famiglia Cairoli," an account in Italian of the Cairoli brothers, of whom all fought for Italy, several died in battle, and one, Benedetto, survived to be Prime Minister and to receive the dagger thrust which the assassin Passanante aimed at King Humbert in November, 1878. Of this first venture, Countess Cesaresco wrote in the *Academy* (of June 11, 1898), shortly after Gladstone's death:

"My mother and I were at Venice . . . at the Grand Hotel and Mr. Gladstone was staying at the same. My mother had often met him in her youth, when both were the guests of Mrs. Gaskell at Thornes House, and it thus came about that she presented him with a copy of 'La Famiglia Cairoli.' I shall always remember how, with the particular art of giving pleasure which he pos-

sessed in so eminent a degree, he seated himself afterwards in the middle of the *salle de lecture*, where the young author could not help seeing him, and spent about an hour in reading the little work, apparently with extreme attention. It was a trait which exactly revealed the man."

In 1882, at Rome, Miss Carrington married Count Eugenio Martinengo Cesaresco, a Lombard noble, whose family for a thousand years has been eminent among the Lombard nobility. "Wherever there was fighting going on, you might be sure to meet a Martinengo. The Lombard plains were not more familiar with the name than were the isles of Greece. Again and again it appears in the struggle of Europe with Asia, which was gallantly sustained from rock to rock by small handfuls of men to whom Christendom gave prayers, tears, and abandonment." One of these Martinenghi, Luigi, commanded the artillery in the siege of Famagosta against the Turks, and was hacked to death when, after a resistance of two years and five months, the Muslim took the city. The Count's father headed the insurrection of the Brescians when in 1848

they threw off the Austrian yoke; and in the following year, when they made their magnificent ten days' stand against overwhelming odds, he was the last to sheathe his sword.

The Count and Countess settled in one of the old Martinengo palaces at Salò, which has ever since been their home. The town of Salò nestles on the western bank of Lake Garda, where the lake is broadest and the last spurs of the Alps begin to melt into the Lombard plain. The palace itself, a large, rambling brick structure, comes by right by its fortress-like air, as it has withstood more than one bombardment; but when it was built, and for more than two centuries thereafter, it was the most famous pleasure palace in northern Italy. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu said of it that even in her time the King of France had nothing so fine, and that it was much larger than the royal palaces of Naples, Germany, or England. The view from it is superb. The hills among which the battle of Solferino was fought bound the southern horizon. From a little height one sees the promontory of Sermione, "Catullus's all but island," castle-crowned, jutting into

the lake. And not far above Salò, as you go northward, the banks become precipitous, and for many miles your steamer skirts a succession of Gibraltars, each higher and more massive than Gib itself. Of the beauty and grandeur of Lake Garda, no one has written so well as Countess Cesaresco in her essay "Benacus, the Poet's Lake," and she has told the story of the old palace, and of some of the most striking of the Martinenghi, in her "Memorials of a Lombard House." To one of the occupants of the palace — Vittoria Accoramboni, the maligned heroine of John Webster's *The White Devil* — she has devoted a special article. I say "maligned" because, from the best evidence now obtainable, it seems improbable that the beautiful Vittoria was guilty of those crimes which Webster made the substance of his tremendous tragedy.

It is evident that Countess Cesaresco plunged heart and soul into her new life. She sought eagerly to know the condition of all classes of the people among whom she was thrown, and she found, as others have found, an inexhaustible charm in the Italian nature. She traveled much, visiting every

part of the peninsula, with trips to Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica, and longer tours to the Levant and Western Europe. Her intercourse with England was uninterrupted, her journeys home frequent. Thus she kept abreast of the contemporary history and literature, not only of her adopted country, but of England, and the larger interests there; and she studied with insatiable curiosity in many fields.

It was in 1886 that she issued her first mature book, "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs," a model of the way in which a vast store of various information can be presented with unfailing vivacity. The Countess speaks as a specialist, but with so much charm that she can hardly fail to attract any cultivated reader. As her book was printed by an obscure London publisher, it had, I suppose, no wide circulation; but more than one copy fell into the hands of discriminating readers. Among these was the late Prof. Francis J. Child, who praised it highly, both for its excellence as a contribution to the study in which he was master and for its literary merits. His praise makes others' superfluous.

In 1890 appeared her "Italian Characters in the Epoch of Unification," in which, as

Mr. Gladstone remarked, she wrote like a "practised biographer." The book contains sketches of Ricasoli, Settembrini, Giuseppe Martinengo, Manin, the Poerios, Constance d'Azeglio, Mameli, Ugo Bassi, Nino Bixio, and the Cairolis, — a group of sufficiently dissimilar persons to test the skill of any painter. Several of these personages she introduced for the first time to English readers; into all of them she breathed the breath of life. Her portraits of Ricasoli, the Tuscan Puritan, with his passion for integrity and his beautiful devotion to his daughter; of Marchioness d'Azeglio, the Piedmontese *grande dame*, witty, far-seeing, full of sense, patriotic; of Mameli, the boy poet, dying in defending Rome; of Bassi, the patriot priest, whom the Austrians shot like a malefactor; of the wise and unselfish and enduring Manin, — these are some of the faces in her gallery which one does not forget.

In her method the Countess reminds you of Plutarch; for, instead of a chronological narrative, she picks and chooses, giving you the vital facts, letting you see her subject at a critical moment or in his characteristic

actions, preferring an anecdote to a date, leaving on you such an impression of genuineness as the high creations of the artist leave. The essays disclose their writer's very wide sympathy; they abound also in keen criticism of men and politics. She has at her command an unusual reserve of irony. She is enthusiastic, partisan if you will, because she would not condescend to waste her time describing characters for whom she felt no enthusiasm. The book is almost invaluable for the student of the Italian Regeneration, because, although only Count Martinengo's features were drawn from life, the writer had access to many unprinted sources, and, above all, she had the unwritten recollections of many of the companions of her heroes, with which to vivify or chasten her own impression.

Her next book, "The Liberation of Italy, 1815–1870," printed in 1894, is a popular account of the unification of Italy, and it is still the best short history of the period. Had its author produced nothing else, this would have distinguished her as possessing a rare combination of literary charm and historical insight. It would also have placed

her in the company of two other English women who have done Italy a great service in interpreting Italy to English readers. One of these, Jessie White, wife of Garibaldi's lieutenant, Alberto Mario, took part in the events of forty years ago, has written the lives of Bertani, Garibaldi, and Mazzini, and long served as correspondent of the *Nation* and of English journals. The other, Linda White, wife of Pasquale Villari, the dean of Italian historians, has translated her husband's principal works. It would seem that in some English natures there is an affinity which lets them into the secret of Italy.

Countess Cesaresco's "Liberation of Italy" may lack the highest constructive historical qualities, but it has the highest moral quality in a history — justice. To each of the great factors in the result — to Victor Emanuel and Cavour, to Mazzini and Garibaldi — it allots fair praise. And there are in it divinations like this, which outvalue many pages of ordinary historical writing: "The Italians are not a mystical people, but they have always followed mystical leaders."

But her short history proved to be the stepping-stone to a book of far higher excel-

lence — to her life of Cavour in the "Foreign Statesmen Series," which has not, to my knowledge, a superior in English. How good it is will be apparent to any one who cares to compare it with Freeman's "William the Conqueror," or Creighton's "Wolsey," or Mr. Frederic Harrison's "William the Silent," all of which have a similar range. Countess Cesaresco, in her "Cavour," has mastered the art of presentation, and attained to a symmetry, rather French than English, beyond the reach of any of these. And although her little book is all pith, it has that ease, that absence of laboriousness, by which real achievements in art are recognized. She has not only created literature, she has made a fine portrait of the great statesman who ranks with Napoleon and Bismarck in European history in the nineteenth century. She has succeeded in unfolding Cavour the man and Cavour the statesman, and in defining the scope of his influence in the political evolution of his time. Those best acquainted with the subject will best understand how many books went to the distilling of this short biography. Every sentence in it tells. It is the best brief life in English of a *dynamic*

statesman, as Mr. John Morley's "Burke" is the best brief life of a *philosophical* statesman.

The "Cavour" was published in 1898, and in the autumn of 1902 appeared Countess Cesaresco's fifth volume, "Lombard Studies," a collection of essays, on many themes. She describes Lake Garda, the Franciacorta, Rimini, and Lake Iseo; she tells the story of the Martinenghi; she reviews Arthur Young's "North Italian Journey"; she brings together in a single paper all the known facts about Vittoria Accoramboni; she treats of Lombard agriculture; she criticises the popular stage, and gives in epitome the annals of La Scala Theatre. A varied programme, surely; but it is the method, and not the variety, that counts. One perceives that many of these are essays of high literary quality, not written to order, but for the love of it — in which experience, travel, observation, culture overflow for our delight. At their best they resemble, as literary essays should, the best conversation. They are now sprightly, now serious; they do not insist too brusquely even in enforcing an argument; but in them a bit of landscape, reminiscence, a literary

or historical allusion, is introduced naturally, by the way, and then dismissed. If you have caught the point, good — if not, the conversation moves swiftly on into other channels, for there is no stopping to explain.

Take a single example: Speaking of the many modern plays based on the story of Francesca and Paolo, Countess Cesaresco says:

"Of the first in the field, Silvio Pellico, Foscolo said severely that the young man would have done better to leave Dante alone. It is very likely that from his classical standpoint he would have passed the same judgment on Leigh Hunt, Stephen Phillips, Gabriele d'Annunzio, and Marion Crawford. But, perhaps, Dante himself would not have complained. At any rate, his is the triumph, for there is one moment in the five plays at which the audience is lifted into an emotional seventh heaven nowhere else approached; the moment when each author introduces Dante's words and Dante's scene of the reading of the fatal book! Whatever else fails, that never does."

The artist's touch, unmistakable in this passage, characterizes the entire volume. The

essays have, moreover, a very strong personal coloring. They are not abstract, or theoretical, but the concrete opinions, emotions, preferences of precisely the Countess Cesaresco, and no other. The "Cavour" was objective, almost classic in its terseness; but these essays are subjective, as they should be, and reveal to us a strong and rare personality. The keen and inquisitive mind, hungry for knowledge of every kind, has its counterpart in capacity for high emotion. The revelation of individuality delights us; we are drawn from the book to its author.

Such, told very briefly, has been Countess Cesaresco's achievement. Although it is too soon to pass a final judgment on it, we already mark its versatility, its vitality, its charm, and its excellence, in fields where women have too seldom competed successfully with men.

LEOPARDI'S HOME

LEOPARDI'S HOME[1]

As the nineteenth century falls into silence, we distinguish at least two Italian voices, of very different notes, that have gone forth from it into many lands, and seem likely to be listened to by a long posterity. One voice, Manzoni's, speaks a clear, wholesome message, abounding in wit, in love of the elemental human lot, in piety; the other voice, Leopardi's, sounds all the stops of despair, passing from pity to scorn, and from scorn to bitterness, but always beautiful, like the song of a hermit thrush. And the world, obeying an instinct which lies deep in the heart of man, has come to pay more attention to Leopardi than to Manzoni; for the genial author of the "Promessi Sposi" and of the Catholic hymns furnishes delight, perhaps even consolation, but he does not answer, at least for our doubting, inquisitive generation, questions which every serious man must some time confront. To submit reason to

[1] *The Nation*, June 20, 1895.

dogma, to the dogma formulated by St. Thomas and encrusted with the superstitions of the subsequent six hundred years — to deny science — to close one's eyes to the amazing contradictions of our existence — all this has become for honest thinkers well-nigh impossible, so that, when they seek enlightenment, they naturally do not turn to Manzoni. His great achievement lay not in his philosophy, but in his pictures of the life round him, and we may enjoy his romance, as we enjoy any other beautiful work of art, without quarreling with him for not making it philosophic. Fiction has become so sodden with social, political, religious, medical, or other propaganda that we can reverence Manzoni all the more in that he refused to palm off in his novel an ill-disguised tract.

But it is because Leopardi, whether in his poetry or in his prose — and in both he was a master — spoke out the doubt which consumed him, that his works have traveled into many lands, and that he is held as the representative of that pessimism with which so much of the thought of our age is saturated. He at least gave one answer to the problem of life — a grim and terrible answer, yet one

which, for reasons not here to be discussed, has been prevalent in these later decades. The caprice and injustice of destiny, the overwhelming realization of evil, the perpetuity of sin and pain — in a word, the apparent impossibility of reconciling the individual with the universe — left him but one solution, the preferability of annihilation. We think of another soul, Spinoza, equally impressed by this immense discrepancy between the individual and the infinite, and remembering Spinoza's ecstasy at being a mere atom of infinity, we understand how temperament — that very fate against which Leopardi inveighed and which to Spinoza was God — determines our view of life. Leopardi was no whiner, and therefore it is that now, nearly sixty years after his death, new books about him appear every season, and whatever concerned his personality has been carefully gleaned. His voice, intensified by rare genius, is the voice of those that suffer, or fail, or despair, a voice akin to that of Ecclesiastes, who summed up the pessimism of the Hebrews. And just as sorrow or pain enters sooner or later into the experience of every one, so at some time, or by some con-

tact, Leopardi appeals most intimately to many hearts. For even while the healthy soul knows that fortitude and resignation are indispensable, it cannot always forbear grief, it cannot always stifle the sigh of anguish.

But for those who never have taken Leopardi thus seriously, his remarkable career, almost without parallel in literature, would more than justify a pilgrimage to his home. Born in 1798, of a noble family, at eleven years of age he had outstripped the utmost learning that the priests of Recanati could give him; at fourteen he had read the entire body of patristic literature in Latin and Greek; he learned Hebrew, German, French, English, and Spanish by himself; at twenty-one he had achieved more in lyric poetry than any Italian since Petrarch; and thenceforward by the discerning few he was appreciated. But their recognition brought him little solace and no money, so that to the end of his grievous life — he died in 1837 — he hardly subsisted on the scanty stipend given him by his father, eked out by the irregular sums he earned by hack-work from the booksellers, and by the bounty of one or two friends. Poverty has so often been the comrade of genius that we

should not lay stress on it in Leopardi's case were it not an indication of family relations which go far to explain his abhorrence of Recanati. Leopardi's father, Count Monaldo, was rich, as wealth was measured by the nobles on the Adriatic coast, and yet he allowed his son only twelve *scudi* or dollars a month, although that son was an invalid, diseased in the nerves and spine, requiring every comfort to make his physical existence barely tolerable. Count Monaldo's niggardliness has been much debated, but I have yet to find proof that it sprang from want of affection for his son; it seems more probable, on the contrary, that, being quite unable to understand Giacomo's genius, and dreading his anti-clerical opinions, the father wished to force Giacomo to stay at home, where his heresies could be smothered. Certainly the plea that the Count could afford no more than a beggar's portion will not persuade any one who has seen the Leopardi palace at Recanati.

On the other hand, the poet's invectives against his surroundings must be taken with much reserve. That he had no congenial companionship at Recanati is undeniable, but that the place itself or the neighboring country

would suffice to explain his pessimism will be argued only by those who, like Taine, try to explain every genius by the acre it happens to be tethered in. As well pretend that Shakespeare drew Hamlet's pessimism from Warwickshire, as that the beautiful country around Recanati caused Leopardi's pessimism. And as for lack of intellectual companionship, was Burns, then, so fortunate in Ayrshire, or Carlyle at Ecclefechan? No; seek Leopardi's secret — if what is so patent can be called a secret — in his diseased nerves and spine, in the restless, insatiable mind unsupported by an adequate physique! Nature is as beautiful on the hills he haunted as she ever was in Arcady.

From Ancona a slow train takes you in less than an hour to the village of Porto Recanati, on the very margin of the Adriatic. Thence, by an excellent high-road, you drive in an hour to Recanati itself, which is built along a high ridge, and looks most picturesque with its old walls and towers and vast communal palace. The road winds among very fertile farms, every inch of which is cultivated. The backs of the curving hills are now deep with grass or wheat; in the lower fields the grain

is almost ripe, and endless processions of mulberry-trees, trained in goblet shape, are festooned with vines. Innumerable flowers grow along the wayside; the road itself is bounded by hedges of white hawthorn, just blossoming; the farmers' houses are overrun with wistaria, or decked with little plots of purple iris. The peasants seem well-to-do, working, men and women together, in the vineyards. Some of the women still wear the traditional peasants' costumes, and the ox-carts, drawn by white oxen, have pictures or flowers or religious emblems painted on them. There is nothing in all this to suggest the approach to the shrine of pessimism.

The town, which we enter from the east, has narrow streets and, except the communal palace, no noteworthy buildings. In the chief square there is an admirable marble statue of Leopardi, by Panichi; it shows the large, intellectual head, the deep-set eyes, the pinched cheeks, and pained expression common to his later portraits. Eighty years ago, in these very streets, his fellows jeered at him. Five minutes distant from the square, near the western wall, is the Leopardi palace, a large, rambling brick structure. Beyond the en-

trance, instead of the customary courtyard, there is a marble "atrium and peristyle," — completed, as a tablet informs us, by Count Monaldo for the admiration of posterity in 1798, the year of Giacomo's birth, — and thence flights of marble steps lead to the second story. The whole produces the effect of old-fashioned elegance tempered by a tendency towards the sepulchral.

The footman of the present Count unlocks the door leading to the Leopardi library, which consists of five rooms, connected by a corridor along the eastern side of the house, which gives it the appearance of a series of vast alcoves rather than of separate rooms. The walls from floor to ceiling are filled with books — 27,000 in all — the larger part bound in vellum, and arranged according to topics. The chief hall contains cabinets with many of the poet's manuscripts and other mementoes of him. There is also a cabinet of medals, bric-à-brac, and antiques, formed by his father, and his father's study. In these quarters, certainly not to be equaled in many private houses anywhere, young Leopardi grew up. The number of boys of genius who have had nearly 30,000 books under their

father's roof to browse among at will must be exceedingly small, so that on this score Leopardi was not to be pitied — unless, indeed, we are to pity those into whose hands fortune places the means of their undoing. That Leopardi could ever have been robust was impossible, but that he speedily wrecked his frail physique by over-study is also unquestioned; and in this rich library the means of wrecking himself were close at hand.

The windows of the rooms look towards the east, but the view is cut off by a row of bare, ugly houses, in one of which dwelt the coachman's pretty daughter, of whom he wrote under the name of "Nerina." He used to go out but seldom, an old servant who remembers him told us, and then he went alone. But even a short walk would bring him to one of the many points whence he got the views which he has described. If he looked eastward, he saw rolling hills and rich valleys, and the Adriatic beyond; a little to the north, three miles away, he saw the dome of the shrine of Loreto, and then Castelfidardo, Osimo, and half a dozen other hill cities; westward, across great gulfs of green, he saw the Apennines. How easily the disci-

ples of Buckle could find here the environment to account for a joyous poet!

But most interesting, after the sight of Leopardi's home itself, is that cabinet which holds his manuscripts, all neatly written, only the poems showing frequent emendations. Here is a large copy-book entitled "The Philosophic Essays of Giacomo Leopardi," and dated 1809, when he was eleven years old, and another, "The History of Astronomy," with the date 1813. In his case such titles were not vain, for there has probably been no other juvenile mind, except Mill's, which worked with the accuracy and vigor of the best-trained mature intellects at an age when most boys are, fortunately, still playing at leap-frog. We know how near Mill came to disasters in both physical and mental health, and how long it took him, through a life of intellectual action, to throw off the gloom which that early abnormal strain fixed upon him; but Leopardi had no companionship to draw him out of himself, no great movement into which he could throw himself, and, worst of all, no constitution to endure the immense labors he engaged in. Towards the end of his life he protested

that disease had had nothing to do with the pessimistic principles he professed; but psychologists to-day, familiar with neurotic conditions, will not heed his protest. They will wonder that a mind so tormented preserved to the last its remarkable powers rather than that its thoughts took the tinge of his suffering.

The final biography of Leopardi is still lacking, but it is safe to say that it cannot be written by one who has not seen Leopardi's home. As your rickety carriage drives down the steep hill towards Castelfidardo, passing rich crops and innumerable wild flowers on either side, and you think of the palace and vast library, you will feel how personality lords it over environment. You will feel, too, that Leopardi's career, irrespective of his doctrines, gives no comfort to those easy optimists who blink facts. Prometheus on the rock, Laocoön in the toils — you have their modern instance in Leopardi. "Great men, great nations," says Emerson, "perceive the terror of life"; a life like Leopardi's is not to be confuted, but to be understood, before its example of terror can be bravely faced.

THE ELECTION OF A POPE

THE ELECTION OF A POPE[1]

When the death of the reigning Pope draws near, the Cardinal Secretary of State informs the Dean of the Sacred College, who summons his colleagues to the residence of the dying man; the Cardinal Vicar issues orders that prayers be offered in the Roman churches; the Cardinal Penitentiary attends the bedside of the Pope, to whom the sacristan of the Pope's chapel administers extreme unction. As soon as may be after death has occurred, the body must be formally recognized by the Cardinal Camerlingo, who, in obedience to an ancient custom, first knocks thrice on the door of the bedchamber. Getting no answer, he enters, and taps thrice with a silver mallet on the dead man's forehead, and thrice calls him by name. No response coming, the Camerlingo declares that the Pope is dead. Thenceforth the Camerlingo is the most important of the cardinals, having charge of the preparations

[1] *The Century*, May, 1896.

for the conclave, of the government of the Palace, and of the transactions with the representatives of foreign powers, to whom he officially announces the Pope's death; the Papal Guard of Swiss halberdiers attends him when he goes out; his arms are stamped on the medal of the Vacant See; he takes an inventory of the property in the Palace, and affixes seals to the dead pontiff's papers. But in order to prevent him from overstepping his authority the Sacred College appoints three cardinals, — a bishop, a priest, and a deacon, — who are called the Heads of the Orders, and whose business it is to overlook his acts. They serve for three days, being replaced by others chosen in rotation.

Meanwhile the great bell of the Capitol, the so-called "Paterine," has tolled the news to the citizens in Rome. Formerly this was the signal for unlocking the jails and for unrestrained disorders. Brokers used to set up booths where pools, as at a horse-race, were sold on the probable next Pope, enormous sums being squandered in this species of gambling: more recently that scandal has been less open. Every one is on tiptoe with

excitement; churchmen as well as laymen display an eagerness out of tune with the grief in which the Church is officially declared to be plunged.

For during the novendial, or nine days succeeding the Pope's death, the celebration of his obsequies and the mourning for his loss are supposed to absorb universal attention. His body must first be embalmed and then attired in funeral apparel. When masses have been said over it in the presence of the cardinals, it is removed to St. Peter's, where, on a magnificent catafalque, it lies in state. Finally, on the ninth day, the public funeral — one of the great pageants of the world — takes place, after which the body is coffined and laid away in the temporary receiving-tomb, to rest there until, when the next Pope dies, it is lowered into the crypt of St. Peter's, or sent elsewhere for burial.

Needless to say, the funeral ceremonies of the novendial cause no abatement in the preparation for the conclave. The day after the Pope dies, as many cardinals as happen to be in Rome meet to confer. The oldest of their number, the Dean of the College, presides; they swear to preserve the ut-

most secrecy concerning all their proceedings; they renew their oaths of allegiance to the Holy See, binding themselves to defend and guard the rights, prerogatives, and temporal possessions of the Church "up to the effusion of blood"; then they discuss questions of immediate urgency, listen to the reading of the laws governing the election, and hear the Camerlingo's report of his business. The congregation re-assembles each day, its numbers being constantly increased by the arrival of cardinals from a distance.

So soon as the last ceremonies for the dead Pope have been performed in St. Peter's, all is ready for the conclave to begin. As its sessions must be held, if possible, where the late Pope died, the Quirinal Palace was usually chosen; but the conclave of 1878 sat in the Vatican, where Pius IX died. To preserve an appearance of secrecy, the quarters occupied by the cardinals are isolated from the rest of the building and from the outer world by the walling up of every door and window and aperture. Each cardinal has a separate room, which he draws by lot and may not exchange; he

is also accompanied by two conclavists, or attendants, who may be ecclesiastics or laymen, provided they have been attached to the household for half a year previous. But these are only a part of the personnel of a conclave, which has a master of ceremonies, a secretary, a confessor, a physician, barbers, carpenters, masons, and serving-men — in all some two hundred and fifty souls.

In St. Peter's, or other church, the cardinals gather. Their dean celebrates the mass of the Holy Ghost, after which an eminent prelate preaches a sermon admonishing them to set aside every personal consideration, and with all diligence to give the bereaved church a new shepherd. Then according to prescription the master of ceremonies takes the papal cross, and marches, followed by the cardinals in the order of their rank — first the bishops, next the priests, and last the deacons, all in violet capes. Their attendants precede them, followed immediately by the papal choir singing the hymn "*Veni, Creator Spiritus.*" The prelates follow behind the cardinals. Thus in procession they enter the conclave, and having reached the chapel, the Cardinal Dean at the altar recites the prayer "*Deus*

qui corda fidelium," after which the cardinals read the ordinances on the election of a pope and swear to uphold them; then they retire to their rooms, where they hold a general levée. Not until three hours after sunset, at the third ringing of a bell, are they left to themselves.

A great throng of spectators and friends escorts the procession into the palace. "Hither hie all the ambassadors and envoys and political agents in Rome, to snatch the last opportunity afforded for unrestricted conference, to give the last stroke to eager appeals of soft persuasion or deterring menace, the last touch to cunning combination, and particularly to deposit in the hands of an intimate confederate the knowledge of those whose nomination their courts will absolutely not brook."

At the third ringing of the bell the master of ceremonies cries, "*Extra omnes!*" "All out!" Yet there are still laggards, who go only after vigorous persuasion. The last having departed, the Cardinal Camerlingo and his three colleagues lock the great door and draw the bolts on the inside, while the Prince Marshal, an officer who has for centuries been either a Colonna or a Chigi, turns

the keys on the outside. Thenceforth the conclave has no ostensible communication with the world. There are, however, two cylindrical dumb-waiters, or wheel-boxes, through which food and other necessaries can be passed; and standing at one of these, the ambassador of a Catholic power delivers a final exhortation to the cardinals listening within. In 1829 it fell to Chateaubriand, in 1846 to Pellegrino Rossi, to give the Sacred College this lecture. When they have dispersed to their cells for the night, the Camerlingo, lighted by men with torches, has to inspect the vast quarters, peering into each dark corner, looking under beds and into closets, to make sure that no unauthorized person is hidden there. Then, except for the whispered conferences of wakeful electioneers, the conclave sleeps.

On the morrow the balloting begins. Before describing that, however, let us see how the cardinals and their escort live during their seclusion. Formerly each cardinal had his food sent from his palace, and it was one of the features of this occasion for the cardinalitial lackeys, the so-called dapifers, to pass daily with large hampers through the

streets of Rome. A prelate specially appointed received these hampers at the wheel-boxes, and it was his duty, before allowing the food to go farther, to search every morsel of it for concealed letters. The oath of secrecy, fortified by menace of dire penalties to those who break it, has never constrained either the cardinals or their attendants or their friends in the city. It has simply sharpened the wits of would-be communicators to discover safe means of sending messages. Many an important missive, secreted in the belly of a capon or in the heart of an orange, or pasted under the label of a bottle of wine, has reached its destination in spite of the vigilance of the bishop inspector of viands; and answers have been slipped back through crevices in the plastered walls, or tossed out of the window in hollow coins. Thus from day to day certain members of the conclave and their associates outside exchange counsel; and it has happened, as in 1831, when Gregory XVI was elected, that news from abroad has precipitated an election. When secrecy is violated in this way while the decision is still pending, we need not be surprised that the history of the proceedings, in

their minutest details, is subsequently published by those who take part in them. The best account of the conclave of 1800, for instance, was written by Cardinal Consalvi, who acted as its secretary.

At the conclave of 1878, which sat in the Vatican, the food was not sent in but was prepared in a common kitchen, whence it was carried to the cells by the servants of the respective cardinals. Gregory X, in 1271, with a view to hasten the election by making the electors as uncomfortable as possible, provided that during the first five days the ration at each meal should consist of a single dish, after which only bread, wine, and water should be allowed. But this ascetic rule was not observed. Latterly cardinals have eaten what they pleased. Their ordinary fare consists of coffee or chocolate and rolls in the morning; soup, two dishes of meat, with vegetables, wine, and dessert at the noontide dinner and again at supper. The conclavists usually eat with their patrons; the servants and artisans mess together near the kitchen, and they grumble at their fare as loudly as college students at commons.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon the

cardinals, having heard early mass and taken communion, assemble in the chapel, — the Pauline Chapel when the conclave met in the Quirinal, the Sistine when in the Vatican, — which has been arranged as a voting-place. A green carpet covers the floor, and round the walls are ranged as many chairs, or thrones, as there are cardinals. Over each throne is suspended a baldachin, hung with purple if the cardinal was created by the Pope just dead, and with green if he dates from an earlier pope. Before each seat is a table, with cloth of corresponding color, and paper, ink, pens, pencils, and the list of the Sacred College. In the middle of the chapel a large table bears two gilded vases: into one, chalice-shaped, with a lid, the ballots are cast; in the other, pyx-shaped, they are placed when they have been counted. The ebony box with lock and key beside them is used for getting the votes of those cardinals whom illness detains in their cells. Three gilt plates, other lists, inkstands, and a box of little balls for checking the names of the voters, complete the furnishings of the table, at which are set three stools for the scrutators.

In one corner of the chapel, near the Door of the Sovereign (if we suppose the conclaves to be in the Sistine Chapel), a long stovepipe leads up from a small stove to a window. To the right of the entrance a wooden booth incloses the water-closets. Farther on, another booth serves as a buffet, where the cardinals can refresh themselves with wine and biscuits. Near this are two chests, in which are kept three sets of pontifical garments, of large, medium, and small size.

Having come to order at the request of the Dean, if the formality of recognizing the cardinals be dispensed with, — and in so small a body it is hardly necessary, because no impostor could hope successfully to palm himself off as a cardinal, — the first business is to choose three scrutators, one from each order, to count the ballots, and three *infermieri*, who collect the votes of the sick. The canons define three kinds of election: by inspiration, by compromise, and by ballot. Election by inspiration takes place when "all the cardinals, as if by inspiration of the Holy Ghost, proclaim one candidate as pontiff unanimously and *viva voce*." A single dissenting voice vitiates this method, which,

we may remark, has perhaps never been carried out in literal conformity to rule, although several popes, after more or less wire-pulling, have been chosen by acclamation.

Election by compromise has sometimes been resorted to, after a long deadlock, by the appointment of a committee consisting of representatives of the various rival factions. The conclave merely ratifies the candidate nominated by the committee.

But election by ballot is the ordinary method. The ballots, when open, are about four inches long and three broad. In the first or upper section the cardinal writes his name; in the middle, the name of the candidate whom he proposes; in the lower section, some motto from the Scriptures. When he folds the sheet his name, being inside, is covered by the lower section, and only the candidate's name or the seal comes uppermost. To guard against the ballot's opening he seals it with a seal he has chosen, but it must not be one which the scrutators might recognize. Going to the central table, he deposits the ballot in the chalice, repeating at the same time this formula: "*Testor Christum dominum qui me judicaturus est, me*

eligere quem secundum Deum judico elegi debere et quod idem in accessu praestabo."

When every one has voted, and the *infermieri* have brought the ballots of the sick members, the first scrutator takes each ballot from the chalice, and opening it (but only so far as to read the motto), hands it to the second, who, having entered the vote opposite the candidate's name on the list, passes it to the third, who reads it aloud. During this process the other cardinals keep the tally on the duplicate lists which each of them has before him. At the conclusion all the ballots are taken to the stove and burned, the smoke from the chimney being a signal which multitudes outside the palace await. According to common belief, when no smoke appears at the usual time it is a sign that the Pope has been elected. The last ballots are burned like the rest, however, the difference in the volume of smoke being due to the fact that as no straw is used at the last burning there is very little smoke.

There being no election, the cardinals now return to their quarters for dinner, after which at three o'clock or a little later, they reassemble for another ballot. This differs from

the morning one in that the cardinals, instead of voting for their favorite candidates, vote for their second choice. The process is called "acceding," and seems devised for breaking a deadlock. Each must vote for some one who has received support at the morning trial; but if none of these suit him, being prohibited from again casting for his favorite, he may simply vote for "nobody." Thus it might happen that the pope chosen in the *accessus*, or acceding, was a candidate whom very few or none of the cardinals would select on their first choice. As a matter of fact, however, not many popes have owed their election to the *accessus*, in which the cardinals generally throw random votes for candidates who have little chance of success.

Such is the daily routine of the conclave, it being rare that more than two ballots a day are taken, until some candidate receives the requisite two-thirds vote of the members present. At the largest recorded conclave, that of 1878, sixty-one cardinals were present; the conclave of 1800, held in the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore at Venice, when the Papacy was in exile, counted only thirty-five. The duration of a conclave depends

on many considerations — personal ambition, political intrigues, and factional jealousies. That of 1800 lasted one hundred and four days, that of 1878 only three days. It may be well to remark here that the canon law does not prescribe that the Pope must be a cardinal, or even a cleric. Nevertheless, since the election of Urban VI in 1378 the successful candidates have been members of the Sacred College, although as late as 1758 a non-cardinal was voted for several times. At least two laymen — John XIX (1024) and Adrian V (1276) — were elected to the Papal throne, and there is to-day nothing to prevent laymen from being created cardinals, although they are not entitled to vote in the conclave unless they can produce a special permit from the late Pope. Up to the meeting of the conclave of 1823, Cardinal Albani had never taken orders, and there is still some doubt as to whether he did so then.

The official routine of the conclave, which consists in the celebration of the mass and the morning and afternoon ballots, represents only a small part of its activity. Long before politics, through the extension of constitutional government, became a trade in other

countries, the princes of the Roman hierarchy were masters of political strategy. The preponderance of Italian cardinals practically limits the number of aspirants to the Papal office to about forty. Among these perhaps half are tacitly ruled out as unavailable. A candidate, to be "popeable," as the phrase is, must have a happy combination of qualifications, among which mediocrity sometimes counts for much. Age also is an advantage, because old popes make frequent conclaves, which gives unsuccessful candidates another chance. With Pius IX supposed mediocrity seems to have overcome the objection of comparative youth, he being fifty-four at his election; but Leo XIII, who was sixty-eight and apparently frail, outlived all of his competitors. Leo XIII's election also broke the tradition that the Cardinal Camerlingo will not find favor with his colleagues, who cherish a similar hostility to the Cardinal Secretary of State. The Camerlingo and the Secretary of State, being the chief executive officers, have more occasion than any others to render themselves unpopular. They are regarded, besides, as the special beneficiaries of the late Pope, and on the theory that turn

about is fair play, the Sacred College usually prefers, by ignoring them, to give a different faction its share of offices and powers. The Romans have a proverb, "No one can be pope twice," which sums up the disappointment of many secretaries who aspired to the higher office, and were beaten.

Day and night, therefore, while the conclave lasts, it is the scene of conferences. Faction quietly measures forces with faction; neutrals of the "flying squadron," uncommitted to any candidate, are eagerly solicited by all. Rumors and innuendoes do equal service with arguments. If a faction has reason to expect that one of the powers will veto its candidate, it first puts forward a sham candidate to draw the veto; that done, it can safely work for the election of its favorite. Sometimes still more disingenuous ruses are resorted to. When it became evident in the conclave of 1799–1800 that Cardinal Bellisomi would be chosen on the next ballot, Cardinal Herzan, by intimating that the choice might be distasteful to Austria, actually persuaded Bellisomi's supporters to postpone the final vote for a fortnight, until a messenger could be sent to Vienna and return. Whether the messenger

ever came back is not reported; but it mattered not, for the delay sufficed to ruin Bellisomi's chances. In 1823 a candidate who had almost reached the goal was defeated by the rumor that he had once drunk chocolate on a fast day. In 1829 Cardinal Castiglione had thirty-five votes, more than the required number, but it was announced that one vote was lacking from the total, which vitiated the ballot. Suspicion fell on two scrutators, one of whom is supposed to have hidden the missing vote in his sleeve. The next day, however, Castiglione was chosen by an increased majority. These instances, which might be indefinitely augmented from the testimony of those who took part in and left records of conclaves, will show that cardinals, whatever they may profess, do not rely wholly on divine guidance in their selection of a pope.

At last, however, the final ballot is reached, and the scrutators proclaim that, two thirds of the votes having been cast for one cardinal, he is elected. If he has only the required number of votes, they open the ballots to make sure that he did not vote for himself, a precaution rarely taken, because nearly always the outcome of the decisive ballot is foreseen,

and there is a stampede to the candidate who has been agreed upon. As soon as he announces his acceptance of the triple crown, all the other cardinals lower the baldachins over their thrones, and conduct him to the altar. Papal robes are brought, and when he has been dressed in garments that fit him, the Sacred College performs the first act of adoration, or homage, to the new sovereign.

Meanwhile the news has spread from the chapel to the other parts of the palace. The masons tear down the plaster wall before one of the balconies, from which the head Cardinal Deacon proclaims the election to the expectant throngs beneath, saying substantially, for example, "We have a Pope, Cardinal Pecci, who has taken the name Leo XIII." When Pius IX was elected, he himself came to the balcony and blessed the people.

In due time other ceremonies, prescribed by canon or custom, are observed. The second act of adoration takes place in the Sistine Chapel. Then the pontiff is borne into St. Peter's on the papal litter, attendants waving huge fans of white peacocks' feathers beside him, and the cardinals and prelates follow in procession. Reaching the high altar,

he sits on a cushion placed upon it, and while the *Te Deum* is chanted the cardinals go through the third act of adoration, kissing his hand and foot, and being embraced by him in return, after which he bestows the papal benediction on the multitudes in the vast basilica.

The coronation — the final pageant, and the most gorgeous of all — is celebrated a few days later. It begins in the atrium of St. Peter's, where the Pope, seated on a throne, receives the homage of the archpriest and clergy of the basilica. Thence he is borne in procession through the church to St. Gregory's Chapel, where he is attired in the pontifical robes of state. As he comes out, a master of ceremonies stops him and, kneeling, holds before him a silver wand tipped with tow, which a cleric lights. As the tow burns, the master of ceremonies sings, "*Sancte Pater, sic transit gloria mundi.*" After a second burning of tow, which symbolizes the evanescence of even papal pomp, the Pope proceeds to the high altar to receive the pallium. Mass is celebrated, during which the general clergy do homage; that concluded, the Pope is borne to the balcony which overlooks the

square of St. Peter's, and there, in the presence of tens of thousands of spectators, the mitre having been taken off, the triple crown is placed on his head by the second Cardinal Deacon. "Receive the tiara adorned with three crowns," — thus runs the ancient formula, — "and know that thou art the father of princes and kings, the rector of the globe, the vicar on earth of our Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom is honor and glory, world without end." The Pope then gives his benediction, "*urbi et orbi*," the multitude applauds, and the pageant ends.[1]

[1] The proceedings as described above correspond to the canons, and to practices at most of the conclaves in the 19th century. There have been, of course, slight variations. In the conclave of 1903 Cardinal Rampolla was excluded by the veto of Austria. Pius X, the Pope elected in his stead, is reported to have ruled that the veto will not be permitted in future conclaves.

THIRTY YEARS OF ITALIAN PROGRESS

THIRTY YEARS OF ITALIAN PROGRESS[1]

I FIRST saw Rome in the spring of 1877, after I had already spent the larger part of two years in Tuscany and Naples. Returning to the Eternal City in the spring of 1903 — with many intervening visits behind me — I was struck by a new spirit in the air, a more hopeful tone, a feeling that an era of true prosperity lies just ahead. About no other country have foreigners written so much; yet of none have they in general so little intimate knowledge. Month after month and year after year they draw up their indictments against a whole people; they rail against the corruption, the poverty, the incompetence, the incapacity; they prophesy glibly enough the destruction of the kingdom; they restore the temporal Pope, or split up the Peninsula into half a dozen feeble confederate States, with the ease with which children blow soap-bubbles. Italy is the para-

[1] *The World's Work*, New York, September, 1903.

dise of foreign pessimists, the Cockayne of political prophets.

Her defects are so open, her sins so salient, that everybody can diagnose them; they may be the same defects, the same sins, which abound in the foreigner's own country, but he is so used to seeing them there that he would never think of asserting that they must hurry his country to destruction. At home he knows what other forces are at work to stem the evil, if not to extirpate it; but in Italy he sees only the evil, and consequently consigns that beloved land to perdition. What Italy has achieved since she became a kingdom is so commonly overlooked that it will be novel, at least, to state briefly here some of the progress made, for it is this positive achievement, overlooked by the pessimists, among whom are to be reckoned many Italians themselves, which explains why Italy has not collapsed at any one of the score of crises when the gloomy foreboders predicted that collapse was inevitable.

To all the nations of the West the nineteenth century set two tasks — the establishment of political liberty through the adoption of some form of representative government,

and the creation of an economic system based upon modern methods of production and transportation. These the common tasks; but as Italy down to 1860 was not a nation at all, she had to secure independence and union before she could take her place among the nations and join in their competition of modern civilization.

Her political regeneration began in Piedmont about 1850. Piedmont had the advantage over the other Italian States of being independent, and as she never shared in the glories of the Renaissance, so she had escaped the enervation which followed upon them. Her people were thrifty, matter-of-fact, bluff, backward in many things, but backward from slowness of growth, not from exhaustion. In ten years the little country, under the masterful guidance of Cavour, was wonderfully transformed. It proved its ability for parliamentary government; it leaped forward in industry, in commerce, in improved methods of agriculture; it organized a well-disciplined army and a small navy; it introduced a modern judiciary, abolished ecclesiastical and class privileges, constructed railways and telegraphs, proclaimed freedom of speech and of

press, and provided for popular education. Probably nowhere else in the world has a community emerged so rapidly from medieval into modern conditions: and the transformation was not only swift but solid.

When, however, Lombardy and the Marches, Tuscany and Naples, suddenly freed from their tyrants, joined Piedmont to form the Kingdom of Italy, the task was greatly complicated. Not one of these States had had any experience in self-government: they had lived under different systems of law, of trade, of agriculture, of education. While Tuscany had enjoyed a mild despotism, Naples had been brutalized by seventy years of the worst of all Bourbon governments. In Lombardy the Austrians had protected the tradesman or farmer by fairly just laws so long as he did not meddle with politics; in the States of the Church, where there were not idleness and beggary, there was economic chaos. In the South, the feudal régime still survived, although it had been officially abolished by the French. To these clashing conditions must be added the subtler but not less vital antagonisms rooted in local or family jealousies, and the plotting of the ousted despots, of Austrian,

Pope, and Bourbon — to recover their ground, by intrigue if they could, and, failing therein, to stir up dissensions to paralyze the high purposes of the new kingdom.

Until unity and independence were won, the force of these difficulties could not be computed; and, indeed, during the struggle itself a great wave of patriotism swept everything before it. Borne along by that wave, men of the North, men of the Centre, and men of the South felt themselves all to be Italians and brothers, and were justified in believing that everything was possible to a cause of which Cavour was the head and Garibaldi the heart. But after the enthusiasm of war came the sober demands of peace; upon the swift, brilliant years of heroism followed the slow, toilsome, economic decades. Twenty-one millions of Italians had suddenly, by a magnificent exertion, raised themselves out of political servitude, but that feat could not of itself qualify them to live successfully their new political life of freedom, any more than it could fit them to run without apprenticeship the locomotives, telegraphs, and thousand other machines of the new economic era.

The immediate duty of Victor Emmanuel's

government, therefore, was to put into operation uniform laws; to secure a uniform fiscal and political administration; to open schools of uniform grades, leading up to universities; to make the Sicilian and the Venetian, the Piedmontese and the Romagnole, who had for centuries been swayed by an intensely local patriotism, feel that Italy, and not their town or province, was henceforth their true country. In other words, having achieved unity from outside, there must now be built up the deeper, essential unity from within. How hard this is in the face of conflicting material or class interests we Americans learned when our own Union was in jeopardy; yet the difference of conditions between our North and South was scarcely greater than that between Lombardy and Calabria forty years ago.

Nevertheless, Italian unity is unquestionably stronger to-day than it was ten years ago. The internal blending has gone on toward the point of fusion, although new causes of local antipathy have sprung up. The North, with its better-educated people, under the stimulus of capital and favorable conditions of production and distribution, has become

overwhelmingly industrial; the South, still checked by poverty, ignorance, and inveterate economic abuses, which it can slough off only too slowly, remains almost exclusively agricultural. As a result, one section regards the other too much as an enemy. The Southerner grumbles that he is taxed proportionately more heavily than the Northerner, and given less in return; and this is true, for, just as in the United States, the protected manufacturer at the North enjoys government bounties in the form of tariffs which do not benefit his agricultural brother in the South. In Italy, however, it is less easy than in the United States to persuade the victim of protection that he is being enriched by it.

This clash of interests, with the fiscal inequalities springing from it, naturally causes sectional resentments; but were Italy assailed from abroad, or were she threatened from the inside, the Northerner and the Southerner would leap to her defense. Foreigners make a huge mistake when they infer that sectional bickerings, or even sharp criticism and mutual recriminations, imply national weakness in Italy. There are kin-

dred the strength of whose family spirit is best measured by the vigor with which each member expresses his individual opinions.

Whatever sectional or class antagonism may have been created by the spread of industrialism is not peculiar to Italy. The rapid manufacturing expansion of the North proves that the Italians can avail themselves not less successfully than other nations of the modern industrial agents; and they have done this against a tremendous handicap, for Italy lacks the two indispensable elements, iron and coal, which she has to purchase abroad. If we turn to the latest volume of statistics, we find that in Italy — including Sicily and Sardinia — there are nearly 18,000 kilometres of railways, besides 3500 kilometres of mechanical tramways; about 50,000 kilometres of telegraphs; more than 400 steamships and 5700 sailing vessels, of a total net tonnage of nearly 1,000,000 tons; that she spends every year about $38,600,000 on coal; that her native industrial companies have $289,500,000 of paid-up capital, while foreign companies have about half that amount; that her progress in applied electricity has been very

rapid, — in three years, from 1896 to 1899, her production of electrical horse-power increased from 50,000 to 100,000; that in 1900 the cotton industry product was valued at $58,000,000; that her chemical product doubled between 1893 and 1899, when it reached $10,000,000; that the output of her paper-mills has doubled in fifteen years. These are figures which stand for facts — they cannot be gainsaid; they invariably escape the notice of the foreign and native writers of jeremiads on Italy. In forty years the population, after deducting a large number of emigrants (probably 4,000,000 now live outside of Italy), has risen from 25,000,000 to 33,000,000 souls, or about one third; meanwhile, the value of her annual products has quadrupled, if they have not quintupled, — exactness is impossible, owing to the imperfect records kept in the bureaus of the Old Régime.

If this comparison does not betoken prosperity, at least it indicates that the Italians have readily adapted themselves to our industrial era. They started nearly one hundred years behind England and sixty years behind France; they lacked capital; they

lacked something more important — enterprise; the inertia of tradition weighed on their industries as it still weighs on their agriculture; and over all spread a political palsy. A single generation of Free Italy has wrought these immense changes.

And yet the stranger, blind to these evidences of progress, sees only the poverty, which he thinks is universal, helpless, incurable. But if you know Italy, you know that the areas of poverty vary greatly in extent. At Turin, for instance, you rarely see a beggar, whereas some quarters of Naples seem to have no other inhabitants. Wages of farm laborers and of mill-hands are often desperately low, and employment, especially for the agriculturists, is not steady. In certain regions and seasons a farm laborer can earn barely fifteen cents a day, and he regards twice that sum as large pay anywhere; but we must remember that he can buy the necessaries of life very cheaply. Actual starvation overtakes those districts which rely on a single crop, if that crop fails. Misery is endemic in more than one ill-favored locality. To escape these evils, the peasants emigrate in myriads, while other myriads flock to

the cities to swell the ranks of the submerged.

Again, these phenomena are not peculiar to Italy: they are the grim facts which confront modern civilization. The cardinal social achievement of the nineteenth century was the discovery of the slum. Before that, the slum had been taken for granted — accepted as a necessary evil — from the earliest times. Charitable institutions had, of course, existed, and paupers had had their dole of soup and bread, with an occasional penny, but it no more occurred to even the benevolent to stamp out pauperism than it shocked them to keep slaves. In Italy, under the Old Régime the slum itself was almost a privileged institution. The States of the Church swarmed with beggars, to whom Pius IX showed special indulgence; how, indeed, could a Church which encouraged the Mendicant Orders, sodden in idleness and carnality, effectively reprove untonsured mendicants? The Neapolitan Bourbons actually based their throne on the slums: the league between Ferdinand I or his grandson, Bomba, and the *lazzaroni* of Naples was so close that, thanks to it, the King more than once stifled the efforts of the

decent minority; and when Victor Emmanuel entered Naples in 1860 he found 90,000 professed *lazzaroni* — criminals of every grade, from the most brutal assassin to the sneak-thief, idler, drunkard, low debauchee, tramp — who avowedly had no honest employment.

How stands the matter to-day? Italy has declared war on the slum. The worst parts of Naples have been demolished; new broad streets bring light and pure air into what were lately the most unhealthful wards of Rome; that reeking sty, the Florentine Mercato Vecchio and its neighborhood, is an open *piazza;* the blocks of squalid buildings which crowded the Duomo at Milan have been swept away to make room for one of the noblest squares in Europe. At each of these improvements the voice of the sickly esthetes was raised — "Vandalism!" they murmured. "The Roman Ghetto was so picturesque!" "The Old Market at Florence had such delightful medieval associations!" To these sentimentalists the life, health, and morals of the living citizens of Rome or Naples or Florence are nothing. What, indeed, could improved drainage or lowered death-

rate mean to foreigners in pursuit of what they mistake for cultural emotions?

In every city and in almost every town of Italy this beneficent "vandalism" has been carried forward. Naples has now one of the finest water-supplies in the world; Rome, which was so miasmatic that during the last year of the Papal Government the Ecumenical Council dreaded to sit there on the approach of warm weather, is now a salubrious abode. Sanitation has been pushed not only in the cities, but in the country also, where immense tracts of malarious or unproductive land have been reclaimed.

This war against poverty has been waged on the material side by substituting hygienic for disease-breeding conditions; on the intellectual and moral side it has been waged by education. The Old Régime and the Church hated schools, and very naturally, since their grip on the masses depended on keeping them in ignorance. Fifty years ago Italian peasants and servants were almost wholly illiterate. The New Régime has reduced illiteracy until now less than a third of the adult males and one half of the adult females are illiterate. The proportion varies from five

per cent in Turin to ninety per cent in Calabria. Piedmont makes a better showing than Pennsylvania in education, for in 1900, out of 1,330,000 Pennsylvanians of voting age, 140,000 were illiterate. Unfortunately, compulsion cannot be carried everywhere into practice, because poverty prevents many children from attending even the public schools.

Thus is Italy using education, the master weapon, against error, ignorance, and crime. She has placed in every commune, in every hamlet, a school, and although the number of her illiterate is large, she has already made immense progress. To cite only two symptoms: first, the number of homicides fell from 5418 in 1880 to 3749 in 1898, a figure which will compare favorably with the estimated 10,000 violent deaths a year in the United States; secondly, the percentage of illegitimate births has fallen from 7.35 in 1881 to 6.14 in 1889. Illegitimacy is still most common in Romagna, Latium, and Umbria (reaching 142 per 1000 births in Umbria), the former States of the Church: a significant fact.

The kingdom is well provided with savings institutions, public and private, which have

deposits to the value of 2,500,000,000 lire, or $500,000,000, an amount which, considering the resources of the country, ought to cheer even the pessimists. As we come to know better the social and economic conditions of our own country, we get over the pleasant assumption that Americans and British are all prosperous — a fallacy perhaps due to the fact that until lately the acquaintance of social philosophers was limited to the well-to-do. In the United States, for instance, there are now millions of persons whose outlook can hardly be brighter than that of the least prosperous Italians. The "poor white trash" of our South can be matched against the most backward South Italians; the derelict medievals of Kentucky and Tennessee are the counterpart of the brigands of the Abruzzi and of the Sardinian mountaineers. Nor are the British Isles an exception. Less than sixty years ago 1,000,000 Irish died of famine while luxury went on unabated in England; and only last year (1902) an economic census of York showed that 23,000 out of the 70,000 inhabitants of that typical fairly prosperous English town live habitually below the starvation-line.

Instead of holding up our hands in horror at the poverty and illiteracy of Italy, we should inquire whether the poverty is greater, the illiteracy more widespread than in 1860: and to these questions there can be but one answer. Moreover, to the Kingdom of Italy belongs the credit for this stupendous progress: had the Bourbons ruled in Naples, the Pope in Rome, the Grand Duke in Tuscany, during the past forty years, there would have been no such modernizing. So far as concerns economic and educational requirements, we must conclude that United Italy has proved herself fit for the new era.

Look now at her political growth. We see many blunders, much incapacity, much positive corruption. Recent historians almost unanimously agree in unfolding crisis after crisis, each of which seemed certain to wreck the newly launched monarchy. Just recall a few of these crises: Garibaldi's crazy expedition, connived at by Rattazzi, and ending in the distressing conflict at Aspromonte in 1862; the September Convention in 1864; the publication, also in 1864, of the "Syllabus," by which Pius IX hoped to inflame the Catholic world against Italy; Garibaldi's

second imprudence, ending at Mentana, in 1867; the adoption by the Pope of an irreconcilable attitude after the liberation of Rome in 1870; hard times and prospective bankruptcy, 1873–75; the death of Victor Emmanuel, testing the dynastic principle, January, 1878; the death of Pius IX, which the Papalists hoped would render acute the question of the Temporal Power, February, 1878; the Irredentist riots in 1878; popular indignation over the French occupation of Tunis in 1881; the disaster at Dogali — the first retribution for the Abyssinian folly — in 1888; the commercial rupture with France, leading to great distress throughout Italy, 1889; the recrudescence of Papal hostility, 1887–89; the Roman Bank scandals, revealing peculation on an immense scale, and involving many prominent public men, 1893; distress, riots, and martial law in Sicily, 1893–95; the rout of the Italian army at Adua, and collapse of Italy's Abyssinian folly, 1896; the bread riots, culminating in bloodshed at Milan in 1898; the assassination of King Humbert, again testing the strength of the monarchy, July 29, 1900.

Here are a few items — the list might be

greatly lengthened — which enemies of Italy, and doubtless many among her friends, have cited to prove that the kingdom could not endure. And even in addition to these specific symptoms, there were to be overcome the sleepless intrigues of the Vatican, the incompetence of legislators, the propaganda of Republican and Socialist partisans, the tenacious Past, the limited financial resources. Nevertheless, 1903 saw the nation stronger than she was in 1893, or in 1883, or in 1873. The voyage has always been stormy, sometimes desperate, but Italy has weathered every gale, and she forges ahead to-day better manned and equipped than for a long time past. Is it not a queer sort of logic which concludes that a ship which has outlived so many perils was unseaworthy from the start?

Many of the evident mistakes of the last thirty years can fairly be charged to lack of parliamentary experience. The masses were uneducated, and generations of Papal and Absolutist misrule had corrupted the general character of the people. Under the Old Régime there could be no citizens: the relations between the oppressed subject and the despotic ruler, far from fostering those civic

qualities which we look for in freemen, trained instead the baser instincts — cringing hypocrisy, cowardice toward those above, greed and cruelty and arrogance toward those below.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the Italian Parliament has often failed to solve the great problems set for it; nor that the type of public man who has come to the front has often been the astute politician, the intriguer, the demagogue, the boss. Since Cavour died, Italy has had no statesman of transcendent power; but in Ricasoli, Minghetti, Sella, Lanza, and other survivors of the heroic epoch, she had leaders of stainless integrity, who were true patriots. That the new generation should breed politicians and not statesmen seems inevitable. Italy was made — the day for heroic sacrifices was past; the day of immense spending had come — of honest spending, to lift the new kingdom up to the modern plane; of injudicious spending, on public works before they were needed; of dishonest spending, to enrich corrupt politicians and their gang. Our Whisky Ring, Credit Mobilier Ring, Star Route Robbers, Sugar Ring Senators, and other rascals have had their counterparts in Italy, and in Italy,

as in the United States, they have generally gone unpunished. This grave blot cannot therefore be charged to the Italians alone, nor can it be used as evidence of their unfitness for self-government. It is the curse of the age: it has blackened modern France; it has smutched England.

So it will not do to single Italy out as a failure in parliamentary government on the ground that her public men have been corrupt or incompetent. The effects of their corruption or incompetence have been more apparent because she is weaker than France, or England, or the United States, countries which, like strong men, can stand dissipation which would kill a weakling. But her comparative weakness has been also a safeguard: for it has registered almost immediately a warning after each excess. Her worst folly — the chase for a colonial empire in Eritrea and Abyssinia — began at once to plague her: in 1886 Nemesis smote her at Dogali; in 1896, after Adua, she heeded the warning. "The Abyssinian campaign gave us our colonial anti-toxin treatment," a keen Italian financier said to me; "it was costly and made us very sick, but it cured us."

The over-taxation of Italy is so common a theme that I need not enlarge upon it. Her public debt averages about $80 per capita — nearly as much as the French, although in paying capacity France far outranks her. Even so, for this sum Italy has provided herself in three decades with the outfit of modern civilization. Her neighbors, richer to start with, have had from fifty to one hundred years in which to get theirs. This sum represents, further, the debts of the old governments, which she swallowed up, and the cost of her wars of liberation in 1859, 1860, and 1866. Free government, even when most economically administered, costs more than despotic, and thus far it has nowhere been economical. Conceding all that pessimists urge against the financial errors of Italy, we need not, on that account, despair of her future. If financial errors alone could ruin a nation, the United States would have long since perished.

Political education has not kept pace with the needs of the country, and centralization, which tends everywhere to preserve the form but vitiate the essence of representative government, has been partly responsible for

this backwardness. But centralization could not be dispensed with in the early years, when the planting and nurture of uniform national ideals transcended all other needs. In like manner, the army has been less harmful in Italy than elsewhere. It has served to unite the various provinces not only by making their conscripts recognize the Italian flag as supreme, but also by mixing the various elements. It has taught millions to read and write. It has given the Italians, who had been mercenaries or the defenseless subjects of unspeakable tyrants, a requisite sense of personal and national honor, and of devotion to duty. Finally, it has bred discipline in a race which had grown slack and shiftless.

We have thus far considered some of the obstacles — social, economical, and educational — against which the Kingdom of Italy has had to contend in its struggle toward a sound national existence; we must now, before concluding, glance at her active political enemies. She has never had anything to fear from the dispossessed Bourbon pretenders, whose following in Naples and the Duchies is as dead as that of the Stuarts in England, but until a few years ago her peace was en-

dangered by Republican agitators. They did not wish to shatter her unity, but they thought that by establishing a republic they could cure the ills which they charged to the Monarchy, and so hasten the coming of the Mazzinian Utopia. Their propaganda, vigorous in the seventies and at times threatening in the eighties, has petered out—partly for lack of leaders; partly because the horse-sense of the vast majority of the Italians shows them that the Monarchy is the principle on which they can best agree now, whatever may be their preferences for the future; and partly because the Socialists have come forward to preach that through Socialism and not through the Republic the desired reforms must be sought.

The Socialists, who number some of the best educated as well as the most earnest Italians, seem to hold almost the balance of power, and they have probably not reached their full strength. Some of their demands have already been granted in other countries; only their extremists hint at abolishing the Monarchy. With proper guidance, they must do a great good in urging on social and economic improvements. They are dangerous

in so far as they kindle class hatred or teach the discontented that the causes of their discontent can be removed by summarily sweeping away the army, or the Monarchy, or individual ownership of land, or industrial competition. Their true mission in Italy is education, not revolution: for no revolution that they might achieve would last, unless the people were educated to live up (or down) to it. They have perforce resorted to political methods; they have made unholy alliances — witness their tacit league with the Clericals in 1898 — which will come back to plague them; and they have not always seemed to work disinterestedly; but among them comparatively few believe in violent means, and still fewer plot against Italian unity.

The rise of Socialism everywhere betokens that our modern world is seeking to readjust itself on economic instead of on political lines. This readjustment will certainly not be similar in all countries. In despotic Germany, for instance, Socialism is the great protest against militarism and autocratic megalomania; in the United States it antagonizes trusts; in Italy it has a broader fulcrum of poverty for its lever, but less intelligence

and a greater diversity of conditions, and therefore of needs, to work with. Evidently, in all these respects, Italy has not been the exception which she is usually painted. She has had economic and agrarian problems—offset Sicily, for instance, against Ireland; she has tackled the slum; she has spent wastefully; she has bred dishonest politicians, and she has now to reckon with Socialism—just as her neighbors have.

But in addition to the common burden of the age, Italy has had to bear her special cross—the sleepless, unscrupulous, far-reaching enmity of the Vatican. She has had to hear French and American Catholics threaten to deprive her of her capital, although they would be quick to resent the agitation of Germans or British to hand over Paris or Washington to a foreign hierarch. The strongest proof of the stability of United Italy is the fact that for thirty years she has permitted her arch-enemy to occupy Rome. I venture to think that no other nation would have done this. How long would Prussia tolerate in Berlin a foreign court of similar nature, working day and night to overthrow the Prussian Kingdom? Can one suppose

that the English, who used to go into hysterics whenever the late Doctor Pusey added half an inch to the width of his hat-brim, would have suffered the Pope himself to dwell in London and to carry on with France and the other Catholic powers intrigues for the restoration of Popery and the Stuarts in Great Britain? Or should we Americans hold hands off from conspirators, lay or clerical, who avowedly plotted at Washington to destroy the Republic? Yet Italy has forborne so admirably, as if it were a matter of course, that the world has hardly given her credit for it. She has suffered vicariously for the rest of Christendom. The French Catholics, who would not tolerate the Pope for *their* secular prince, insist that the Romans and Italians, who repudiate his kingship, shall submit to it. The Irish Catholics paid little heed when Leo, to propitiate the English Government, bade them abandon their patriotic campaign; yet they would inflict his rule on Rome. That Home Rule should be worth dying for in Ireland, but must be tabooed in Rome, is a thoroughbred Irish bull. Every Papalist speaks proudly of the achievements of Leo; but in so doing he gives the lie to the Papal

contention that without the Temporal Power the Pope cannot perform his functions. Equally specious is the claim that unless the Pope is King at Rome, foreign Catholics may suspect that his policy is adopted under pressure from the Italian Government — as if France, Spain, and Austria had not for centuries exercised in the Conclave the right of vetoing any cardinal they disliked, who appeared as a candidate for the tiara; and as if, out of the seventy members of the Cardinals' College, a safe majority were not always Italian, to make certain the election of an Italian pope.

Simply by non-interference Italy has demonstrated the speciousness of all the Papal claims. She has been able to do this because she has no illusions about the Church-Papacy. She never confounds the religious with the secular. She has no fanaticism, no rancor. She knows, moreover, that the Papalists are playing a great game of bluff; she is rather amused than otherwise that foreigners should be taken in by it. If some Papal organ laments the good old times when everybody was happy and prosperous under the Pope's rule, the Italian smiles much as

Mr. Low or Mr. Jerome may smile when a Tammany organ tearfully regrets the Golden Age of virtue and prosperity when Richard Croker was the boss of New York City. The countrymen of Machiavelli are too old in worldly wisdom to grow hot over perfectly obvious political tricks. So long as the Pope, by playing prisoner, can reap millions of dollars a year, they are generous enough to admit that he would be a fool not to do so. In France, the Clericals actually sell to the superstitious peasants blades of the straw "which the Holy Father has to sleep on in his dungeon." "*Che vuole?*" the Italian asks with a shrug. "How can you expect them to tell the truth when lying is so lucrative?"

How desperate the Vatican has become appeared in the league of Clericals with the Socialists, and more recently, in the Pope's *rapprochement* with Prussia — Protestant Prussia — to compensate for the loss of prestige in France. As we live in a period of reaction, it is but natural that the Vatican and Prussia, the two strongholds of medievalism, should at last clasp hands. So, in the reaction after Waterloo, the Vatican clung

to Austria. Furthermore, it is a great mistake to suppose that all Italian ecclesiastics are anti-national; many of them are intensely patriotic, liberal even, and they would never consent to see the nation broken up. The pretense that a great body of Catholics does not vote deceives nobody; because it is known that nearly the same number of votes are cast in municipal elections, in which the Catholics are allowed by the Pope to take part, and in the parliamentary elections, from which the Pope tries to exclude them. Therefore, either the Catholic voters number less than five per cent, or they vote against the Pope's order: whichever alternative we take, the claim of the Papalists, that if they all went to the polls they would control the country, is absurd.

As a menace to Italian unity, the question of the restoration of the Pope's temporal power has dwindled almost to nothing. No foreign governments are likely to engage in an enterprise which would impugn their own legitimacy; for Leo XIII has repeatedly condemned the modern heresy that governments derive their authority from the consent of the governed instead of from Papal sanction.

This bigotry, of course, outlaws every government in Christendom — for even the King of Spain does not acknowledge the Pope as his political over-lord.

I have touched on the material and political progress of the kingdom: it would be pleasant to record Italy's attainments in science, literature, and the arts; to speak of Carducci, the only original poet in Europe since Victor Hugo died; of Fogazzaro, and Verga, and De Amicis, conspicuous in fiction; of Lombroso, Morselli, and Ferri, in psychology; of Villari, in history; of Comparetti and D'Ancona, in scholarship; of Ferrari, in sculpture; of Morelli, in the criticism of art; of Marconi, in invention. The generation has been "practical" in Italy, just as it has been here; and yet these names attest that she has not lagged behind her neighbors in the higher pursuits.

Thus the nation, in spite of its local discords and failures, and of the disillusionment as to the speedy regeneration of society which has spread over Europe and America in the last twenty years, has become really united. In Rome, monuments to Cavour and Garibaldi have already been raised, and those

to Victor Emmanuel and Mazzini are well advanced. A statue to Giordano Bruno rises on the very spot where he was burned by the Jesuits three hundred years ago. "The only tradition we have had since 1870," said to me a person who could speak with the highest authority, "is toleration. The King is at the Quirinal, the Pope at the Vatican; the Minister of War is a Jew; members of each church may worship undisturbed in Rome." Nothing can illustrate better than this toleration the spirit of the new Italy. And her new King — a man of sound education, firm will, clear judgment, and high sense of duty — must be an important factor in her future progress. Judged by the difficulties she has overcome, the transformation of Italy has been relatively greater than that of any other modern nation. On this fact her well-wishers base their hopes.

LUIGI CHIALA

LUIGI CHIALA[1]

Senator Luigi Chiala died in Rome on April 27, 1904, a little more than seventy years old. He occupied a unique place among Italian historical writers; indeed, no other country in this generation has produced his counterpart. He wrote no formal history, but he edited the letters of the chief makers of modern Italian history in such wise that his works are indispensable, an integral part of the great chronicle of the Risorgimento. As long as the story of Italian independence is remembered, Chiala's commentaries on Cavour and La Marmora and their contemporaries are certain to be read. He was born at Ivrea in the Val d'Aosta on January 29, 1834; studied at the University of Turin; volunteered in the disastrous campaign of 1849; and then devoted himself to journalism. His ability soon attracted the notice of Cavour, and among his earliest works was "Une Page d'Histoire du Gouvernement Représentatif

[1] *The Nation*, June 2, 1904; vol. 78, no. 2031.

en Piémont," a revelation of the steps which led up to the famous coalition of Cavour and Rattazzi in 1852. This treatise was so evidently written by some one on the inside that many readers persisted in attributing it to Cavour. The coalition, or *connubio*, between the rival leaders had been brought about by their common friend, Michelangelo Castelli, one of those most efficient men who hold a relatively inconspicuous place in the public eye, but are the intimates to whom rulers and ministers turn for frank counsel. With him Chiala early formed a friendship which lasted till Castelli's death in 1875. During the fifties, Chiala at the age of twenty founded and edited the *Rivista Contemporanea*, a monthly magazine published at Turin, which served as the mouthpiece for the men of progress and patriotism who were transforming little Piedmont into a modern, liberal, and strong state. When Cavour wished to prepare public opinion for the death-grapple with Austria, he suggested to Chiala the main points of another tract, "La Maison de Savoie et la Maison d'Autriche."

The facile publicist volunteered for the war of 1859, serving in the Fourth Regiment

of Grenadiers; he saw the brief campaign of 1860, and remained in the army. In 1862 he founded *Italia Militare*, the principal military journal of Italy, which he conducted for four years. During the war of 1866 he was attached to the General Staff, and subsequently he was secretary of its chief, General Govone. The alliance with Prussia, entered into doubtingly by General La Marmora, the then prime minister, and the defeat at Custozza, drew down on La Marmora an avalanche of hostile criticism. The young staff officer could not endure to see the general, whose confidence he had long enjoyed, calumniated, and, having requested to be placed on the reserve list, so as to free his pen, he wrote in quick succession "Le Général La Marmora et l'Alliance Prussienne" and "La Politica Italiana e l'Amministrazione della Guerra dal 1861 al 1866." In the former he justified the premier's acceptance of Bismarck's overtures; in the latter he set forth the policy which Italy had pursued after Cavour's death, and defended the War Office against the charge of incompetency and neglect.

In 1870 he resumed active service on the

General Staff, with the rank of captain, and was appointed editor of the *Rivista Militare*, an army monthly, which he made flourish. In addition to his editorial work, he produced an elaborate monograph on the events of 1866, and after La Marmora's death (in January, 1878) he wrote a memorial which had a wide circulation and added 12,000 lire to the fund for the General's monument. But the chivalrous Captain Chiala had already fallen into official disgrace by printing, in a commemoration of Victor Emmanuel II, one of the King's letters to Baron Ricasoli — an act which Chiala's superiors in the War Department construed as insubordination. He was arrested and imprisoned at Civitavecchia; but fortunately he had spent only fifty days in that cheerless fortress when the administration changed hands, and Cairoli, the new prime minister, at once ordered his release. Chiala lost no time in resigning from the army for good.

To this episode we probably owe his monumental work, the six volumes of Cavour's Letters, the first volume of which, appearing in 1882, introduced Captain Chiala's name to students of modern European history in

all parts of the world. He found in Signor Luigi Roux of Turin an energetic publisher, who made a specialty of bringing out important works on the Risorgimento. Elected from Turin to the Chamber of Deputies in 1882, Captain Chiala sat among the members of the Historic Right until 1892, when he was created a Senator by King Humbert.

His edition of Cavour consumed nearly ten years. It was followed by Castelli's "Letters and Memoirs"; by three volumes of selections, with elucidation, from the editorial leaders of Giacomo Dina, a journalist, who, for thirty years, stood at the head of the Italian Liberal press; by a volume on the "First Expedition to Massaua"; by three volumes of "Pages of Contemporary History"; and by "A Little More Light on the Events of 1866," the last work being issued in 1903. Besides these many books, there are others which deserve mention: "Confidenze Politiche di due Uomini dabbene" (that is, Massimo D'Azeglio and Giacinto Collegno); "L'Alleanza di Crimea"; and "La Politica Segreta di Napoleone III e di Cavour in Italia ed in Ungheria." He had still another work in preparation at the time of his death.

This list of dates and titles testifies to Senator Chiala's astonishing industry; but mere industry is common, and many a writer who has filled a shelf with twenty-five volumes has been quickly, and deservedly, forgotten. It is Senator Chiala's distinction to have worked in a subject which, for Italians at least, can never lose interest, and to have contributed from his own talents a very unusual fair-mindedness and an almost unrivaled skill in tracing intricate political transactions, or in piecing together, from imperfect clues, a diplomatic negotiation. His knowledge of the traditions and practices of European cabinets since 1840 was simply unlimited. He knew the opinions of the public men of Italy, France, England, Germany, and Austria for fifty years; he had their memoirs and published correspondence by heart; and, so far as concerned Piedmont and Italy, he knew the secret springs of action behind legislation and behind diplomatic intrigues. He was as familiar with the gossip as with the archives. Taken into confidence by the statesmen of two generations, he never betrayed their secrets nor committed an indiscretion. He could be the friend of

two rivals without slighting either. This trustiness explains why he became so general a confidant.

It was most fortunate that so much of the material of the history of the Risorgimento came to such a man for editing. The unification of Italy was not achieved without arousing violent partisan animosities. There were Mazzinians, who hated the Cavourians almost more bitterly than the Austrians; there were intransigent Democrats, irreconcilable Clericals. Senator Chiala treated them all fairly, taking pains to give to each his due as a helper towards national regeneration. Instead of partisan narrowness and sectarian exclusiveness, he kept in view the ideals which embraced all parties. He accomplished this not by an easy indifferentism, nor by a sacrifice of his own opinions, which were clear and firm, but by a genuine passion for fairness. And as no other Italian of his generation has done more to promote good will among his countrymen, so no other has surpassed him in effectively defending the policy of Italy against foreign accusers. His exposition of the affairs of 1866, for instance, may well be final.

He was a commentator rather than a biographer or historian. Give him a collection of letters or a batch of political articles, and he would set them in proper order, explain the connection of one with another, clear up every allusion, cite, if need be, a dozen passages mutually remote to complete the understanding of a line, and so put the reader in possession of all the data needed for forming an opinion. Thanks to this method, he embedded in his books much fugitive material that might otherwise have been lost. But this method, which serves so admirably his purpose, is of course too diffuse, too discursive, for formal history. Nearly ten years before his death I urged him to recast his introductions to the six volumes of Cavour's "Letters" in the form of an independent biography. They make more than 2000 pages, which, by condensation such as would suit a biography, might be reduced one half. But he said to me that it was too late: he had neither time nor means to undertake such a work, although if he had realized at the outset how voluminous a commentary the letters would require, he should have adopted a different plan.

To those who knew him, the personality of Senator Chiala was most sympathetic. He was tall, above six feet in height; and in the later years, when my relations with him began, his hair, moustache, and imperial were white. He had a soldier's rather than a scholar's bearing; but in manner he was very gentle, a model of urbanity. You never came to the end of his information in his chosen field or of his liberality in imparting it, and a talk with him was worth much reading as a proof of the innate genius of the Italians for diplomacy. He was most generous in praising what he deemed excellent, and his praise carried great weight. I well recall the satisfaction which Jessie White Mario, the last important survivor of the Mazzinian inner circle, expressed when I told her that Chiala had recommended to me in high terms her "Life of Bertani." Though he and she were leagues apart in politics, yet she knew that he was just. He lived frugally, like so many of the intellectual élite in Italy, chiefly dependent on his writings for his support. Italy may well blush to reflect that although hundreds of his contemporaries enriched themselves at her expense, demanding in

return for past patriotism pensions and offices, this modest veteran of her wars, this sterling chronicler of her heroic struggle, had during his last years a stipend of only 1100 lire. It was better so. No enemy could insinuate that he wrote to liquidate past favors or to encourage possible patrons. He worked conscientiously without scanting, and without rest. In his books as in his life, he personified the *galantuomo* — the chivalrous, honest, fair-minded gentleman; the type to which the modern Italians do well to look up as their ideal.

DANTE AS LYRIC POET

DANTE AS LYRIC POET[1]

I

We have been so long accustomed to think of Dante chiefly as the poet of "The Divine Comedy," and of Shakespeare chiefly as the dramatist of the "Plays," that we do not always remember that they are also supreme among modern lyric poets. There are two apparent reasons for this supremacy. The first concerns the Poet as Artist. Dante could never have perfected the *terza rima* of "The Divine Comedy," Shakespeare could never have elaborated the blank verse of the "Plays," — those Protean metres, each susceptible of endless variety in cadence, in sweep, in delicacy of modulation, in richness of tone, — unless they had both been, potentially at least, masters of minor metrical forms. The greater includes the less.

The second reason concerns the Poet as Man. Of all poetry, the lyric is the most

[1] *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1902.

personal. Through it the poet utters, without feigning or restraint, his subjective emotions. But the value of an emotion, for the purpose of poetry, depends on the calibre of the individual who experiences it. In music or painting it may be otherwise, but great poetry inevitably presupposes greatness of character in the poet. He may have many flaws, — sins, even, and startling limitations; he certainly will not let himself be measured easily by conventional standards; but his greatness is essential, the one fixed fact in literature. Accordingly, there is no luck in the surpassing excellence of the lyrical poems of Dante and Shakespeare, nor of the lyrics of Milton and Goethe, — the greatest characters after those Two that have expressed themselves through poetry in modern times. Let us glance first at Dante the Man.

Fate gave him genius; life brought experience; and he, by self-correction, perfected both. Commentators, in their effort to reconstruct the poet from his poetry, have almost made us forget that he was a man at all: rather was he, if we could believe them, a marvelously intricate mechanism for turning out literary masterpieces according to rules

which these commentators have deduced from his works. Now, little as we know about Dante's external life, we do know this beyond dispute, — he was no literary formula.

Historically, he came at the climax of the thirteenth century, — that wonderful century, only to be matched in importance by the fifteenth and the nineteenth. It was the great Catholic century. It witnessed the Papacy at its zenith under Innocent III, the formulation of Catholic theology by Thomas Aquinas, the rise of the great orders, — the Dominican to safeguard the faithful by persecuting heretics, the Franciscan to lead all men to Christ by following his example. It boasted its mystics and its logicians; it built cathedrals; it set forth on eight crusades; it beheld the establishing of popular government in Italian cities, the bourgeoning of popular literatures, the astonishing expansion of the great universities. Above all, it saw the death-struggle between the Holy Roman Emperors and the Popes — the world their stake — which resulted in the destruction of both Church and State as the joint arbiters of Christendom.

Into all these immense problems of creed and of government, into the speculations of the philosophers, into the antagonisms of popes and emperors, Dante plunged with might and main. He mastered not merely the theory of the medieval world religion and world politics, but threw himself into the civic life of his native Florence, where factions raged, and where to discharge a citizen's duties meant to hazard property and life on the caprice of a fickle people.

Coming of a well-to-do family, he enjoyed whatever schooling Florence then gave her youth, and he early, I conceive, outstripped his masters. Like most Italian lads, he wrote verses; unlike most, he quickly proved himself a poet, for when he was eighteen his sonnet, "*A ciascun' alma presa*," won him a reputation among the chief poets of Florence.

He fell in love with a damsel whom, after the fashion of his time, he never aspired to marry, being content to worship her at a distance, from his ninth year to his twenty-fifth, when she died. The commentators would persuade us that throughout his adolescence and young manhood this passion

shut Dante out from all other thoughts, keeping him in a state almost hysterical—now ecstatically oblivious to everything except the recollection that Beatrice had saluted him last week; now plunged in gloom; now fainting or seeing visions; forever sighing and weeping; and more than once stark mad. In his "little book," "The New Life," Dante himself supplies the outlines for this portrait; but not to perceive that he there writes as an artist, and not as a systematic chronicler, is to miss the key to "The New Life" and to him. Unquestionably, that passion for Beatrice was the chief experience of his youth; and, on looking back, he omitted, like the great artist that he was, all that he had done or thought outside of the orbit of Beatrice during those years, and by this omission he created the impression that there was nothing more.

So we must distinguish between the ideal world, in which Dante placed his passion for Beatrice, and the actual world, in which, during those very years, he was really busy with many other things. Specifically what things, we cannot say in detail. We know, however, that he was mixing with the best

intellects of his time, studying, meditating; eagerly taking part in the affairs of Florence, even enlisting in her militia and going forth to battle for her independence: in a word, playing from the outset the part of a man hungry for life, impetuous, stern, of manifold capacities, and as far removed as possible from any abstraction or formula. Let us not think of him as the central figure in a Pre-Raphaelite picture, — a soulful, esthetic youth, condemned to gaze yearningly at sad-eyed, large-jointed, wry-necked ladies, whose spirits and complexions seem sodden in opium. Pre-Raphaelitism had its charms, but it could no more interpret Dante than Pope could Homer.

After Beatrice died, almost every certified glimpse we get of Dante, for ten years, shows us a man seizing hold on active life with ever increasing energy. He takes part in the government of Florence; he goes on embassies; he is one of the city priors, and a recognized leader in one of the great political parties. He marries, and has several children; presumably, he has also some bread-giving occupation. Then, in January, 1302, while he is absent from Florence, his enemies,

having got the upper hand, banish him on a charge of barratry and falsifying, and ten weeks later they condemn him to be burned alive. Thenceforward, until his death in 1321, he leads an exile's life : at first coöperating in attempts to capture Florence, then chafing because one possible liberator after another fails to come to her aid. Amid these perturbations, and in spite of wanderings which took him to almost every part of Italy, and perhaps across the Alps, he writes "The Divine Comedy" and "The Banquet," and makes himself master of all the knowledge of his time. And to his learning he adds an intensity of observation and a breadth of reflection which had been united in no earlier man of genius.

I venture to recall almost at random these points in Dante's career, because I believe it to be much more essential to know the tremendous energy of the man, and to see how in his character and genius he held a whole epoch in solution, than to be learned in his commentators. Only in this way shall we rid ourselves of the common notion that a great poet cannot be a man of action, and we shall understand Dante's lyrics better by perceiv-

ing that they are authentic fragments of a colossal personality.

To be able to certify that a given poem was written on a given day in a given year, or to whom it was addressed, or what all its allusions refer to, is often gratifying; but the matter of first importance is, how much of these poems is alive to-day? how much of the eternal do they hold? what message do they bring to your heart and to mine?

The approach to all the masterpieces of literature has become so clogged by the patient labors of the critics that one might waste a lifetime climbing over or tunneling the Cordilleras they have raised before reaching the rich kingdoms where Homer or Dante or Shakespeare reigns. We might almost conclude that to be a scholar now is to read, not the originals, but the reviews of critiques of commentaries on the originals; and yet the best advice is: "Seek the original — read it — ponder it — enjoy it — absorb it — find out what it means to you." What it meant to the poet himself or to his contemporaries we shall never wholly know; for we can never reconstruct Dante's mind or Shakespeare's, or the age in which each lived.

Many of the allusions, much of the spirit of that age, and the scope of the master's genius, we can understand; but still much remains, and, unless evidence now unknown be discovered, will forever remain, conjectural. In the domain of conjecture criticism shifts its position from time to time, as an army besieges an impregnable fortress, attacking now on one side and now on another, even making a complete circuit, yet never taking it.

A beautiful Greek statue is dug up: while archeologists are disputing whether it represents god, demigod, or hero, and who carved it, and where the marble was quarried, shall their uncertainty prevent us from delighting in its beauty? And although it can never be established to whom Shakespeare addressed his sonnets, or just how far "The New Life" mingles fact with allegory, have they no meaning for us? Does it really signify whether Shakespeare had Pembroke or Southampton in mind when he uttered his passion in such sonnets as "When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes," or "Not marble nor the gilded monuments," or "That time of year thou mayest in me be-

hold," or "When to the sessions of sweet silent thought"? Must we have solved the enigma of Beatrice in order to thrill as a lover thrills at the beauty of "*Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare*"?

Let us emphasize this, because erudition threatens to usurp the function of taste in dealing with literature, and, indeed, with all works of art. Erudition continually thrusts upon us irrelevances whose only excuse is that they are facts. Philology sits in judgment on poetry. And since the cardinal facts about Dante or Shakespeare were inventoried long ago, erudition offers theories, conjectures, plausible guesses, buttressed by many citations, instead of facts.

II

Dante's *Canzoniere*, or book of lyrical poems, contains eighty-six pieces usually held to be genuine, eight more called "doubtful," and some fifty surely "apocryphal." I propose to consider only the genuine, — counting less than twenty-eight hundred lines in all, — among which are fifty sonnets and twenty *canzoni;* taking their authorship for granted, and making such comments on them as would

still be pertinent even if Dante were not their author. In short, it is their substance and style — questions of pure literature rather than of erudition — with which I wish to deal.

The first difficulty which confronts the reader of Dante is allegory. Not less in the Poems than in "The Divine Comedy" you soon find yourself entangled in a network of meanings and cross-meanings. Just as your mind grasps a thought, this suddenly dissolves into another, and this again is metamorphosed. It is as if, when you gaze into the translucent blue of noon, you could see, first, the constellations of the stars, and, after a little, beyond them, and lovelier still, angelic hosts, such as the old painters put in the heaven of their pictures. Dante intended this. There are, he said, four meanings possible in the highest poetry, — the literal, the allegorical or mystical, the moral, and, finally, the anagogical. For our present purpose we will not lose ourselves in the maze of symbolism: we will take the poems as they stand, and see what they mean to-day.

For commentaries, turn to the excellent works of Witte and Fraticelli, those scholars

to whom every subsequent reader of Dante gladly acknowledges his indebtedness, and to Giosuè Carducci, who, at the close of the nineteenth century was at once the most eminent poet in Europe and one of the foremost critics. In Carducci's monograph, *Delle Rime di Dante*,[1] there is a full discussion, based on the then latest information, of the sources, composition, date, probable meaning, and style of most of the poems in the *Canzoniere*. Carducci discriminates so nicely that he thinks he can set down the order in which the lyrics were written. He assigns the first poem of "The New Life," inspired by Guido Guinizelli and the popular poets of the third quarter of the thirteenth century, to 1283 and the next few years. Then Dante, feeling his own genius, enters his second period, that of the "sweet new style" (*il dolce stil nuovo*), which lasted till Beatrice's death. From 1292 to 1298 Carducci discerns another period, which he subdivides into three parts, according as "natural," "allegorical," or "gnomic" tendencies manifest themselves. Finally, Dante's banishment in 1302 opened

[1] Giosuè Carducci, *Studi Letterari*, vol. viii. Bologna, 1893.

another period, in which the agonizing novelty of exile rekindled the poet in him, while years and experience matured the sage and the statesman.

Let us admit at once that Dante's lyric poetry has the raw material from which such a classification can be made; but let us be politely skeptical as to the probability that such minute dissection is right. To suppose that Dante, or any other true poet, produced his works after this orderly, chessboard fashion — now all black, again all red, one month joy, the next month gloom — would be to make that most mysterious of all creations, a poet's soul, as humdrum as a railway time-table.

Before we survey the contents of Dante's lyrics, let us examine for a moment his work as an artist in metre. He did not invent the forms in which he moulded his poems, but he so stamped his originality on each of them that the sonnet, the *ballata*, and, above all, the *canzone*, became through his genius new metrical instruments, capable of producing effects hitherto undreamt of. It was as if two strings had been added to a primitive violin.

While he ennobled these verse-forms, he showed how the Italian language could serve the highest purposes of poetry. There is a striking contrast between the metrical development of English and of Italian. English is rough rather than musical in sound; it has few perfect rhymes; its words, except in a few cases, refuse to be contracted or curtailed. How to get from such an instrument the delicate modulations that beautify the lyrics of Shakespeare, Shelley, and Tennyson, — that was the technical problem for the masters of English verse.

Italian stands as the reverse of all this. It is plastic almost to the point of fluidity; it is dangerously friable. If a final syllable harms the rhythm, it can be elided; if the first syllable interferes, it can often be suppressed; if a foot or half-foot is needed, a suffix, of the required length, can be added; even the central syllable of a word is not always safe from condensation. Of rhymes there is no limit, and they are exact rhymes. The very genius of the language is musical, its prose having a dactylic flow almost as marked as the formal metres of its poetry. For improvisation, for sweet ditties and dulcet ser-

enades, for folk-songs with their simplicity and their easy, haunting refrains, such a language could not be surpassed; but could it be the mouthpiece for great passion? Would tragedy not find it too soft, satire too flimsy? Could it be trumpet, violin, or organ, as well as guitar?

Dante achieved this wonder! He wrote some sonnets which not even Petrarch, coming after him and profiting by his example, has rivaled. He raised the *canzone* to be the peer of the English ode. Welcoming difficulties, because he saw that to overcome them he must have control over every phrase, word, and syllable, wherewith to clothe his thought, he experimented with novel kinds of metres and rhymes. The intricacies of structure which in English prevent the sonnet from ever losing, except with a few masters, an artificial air, checked in Italian that tendency to improvisation which Dante resisted. Accordingly, he packed his *canzoni* with thought, firm of texture and polished until every syllable fitted irremovably into its place. Sometimes, indeed, he carried condensation across the border of obscurity: imagine the terseness of Tacitus rendered still

more difficult by the omissions and ellipses permitted in poetry, and you will get an idea of his most compressed passages. His treatise on "The Vulgar Tongue" shows how completely he had mastered the theory of the science of verse, especially in the Romance languages; his poems prove that he could embody his knowledge in his technique.

Dante gives no comfort to the idle singers of an empty day, who pretend that technical knowledge and the file need not be included in a poet's outfit. "The highest conceptions cannot exist," he says, "except where there is knowledge and genius." [1] "Never without sharpness of genius, nor without assiduity in art, nor without practice of knowledge," he says again, can one succeed in writing a *canzone;* "and hereby is confessed the folly of those who, without art and without knowledge, relying solely on their genius, set themselves to sing in the highest fashion of the highest things." [2] In a famous passage of "The New Life" he remarks: "It would be a great disgrace to him who should rhyme anything under the garb of a figure or of rhetorical coloring, if afterward, being

[1] *De Vulgari Eloquio*, ii, 1. [2] *Ibid.* ii, 5.

asked, he should not be able to denude his words of their garb, in such wise that they should have a true meaning. And my first friend [Guido Cavalcanti] and I are well acquainted with those who rhyme thus foolishly." [1] And so are we, who have heard the follies of French Symbolists and of their foreign mimics gravely proclaimed as a new triumph in poetry.

In Dante we find that rarest union, — intensity of imagination and clearness of intellect. When Love inspired him, he wrote; but the fervor of that inspiration did not prevent the working of his critical faculty, by which he tested its validity and decided how to clothe it in words. He seems to have held that our thought lies beyond control, but that its expression depends on faculties which we may direct, — on knowledge, taste, patience, and skill, which are greater or less according as we voluntarily cultivate them. "Speech," he says, "is not otherwise an instrument necessary to our conceptions than is the horse to the soldier." [2] A memorable simile.

[1] *The New Life*, § 25, Norton's translation.
[2] *De Vulgari Eloquio*, ii, 1.

The little singers of our day and of all days shun knowledge and dread criticism, and well they may; for their verse-making is but effervescence. But Dante, seer and knower in one, could endure the most searching criticism — his own — without chilling his inspiration. The analyses which he makes of each poem in "The New Life," and the exhaustive interpretation of his *canzoni* in "The Banquet," show critical talents of the highest order. Indeed, we almost resent his cold-blooded dissection of those throbbing sonnets to Beatrice, until we reflect that through his ability to criticise, not less than to create, Dante became the chief moulder of Italian poetry. He rescued it from the doom of improvisation. The Provençal, lacking such a savior, had degenerated quickly, never to revive.

Thus we can hardly overestimate Dante's importance as a lyric craftsman. As such, he greatly influenced his immediate successors, and he has dominated the best Italian poets ever since. Shakespeare certainly ranks second to no other lyric poet, and yet his direct influence on English metrical development is scarcely discernible,— his lyrics, like his plays,

have had no progeny; while Dante, both in his lyrics and in his epic, stands literally as the Father of Italian Song.

Such was Dante's influence on the structure of Italian poetry: not less elemental was his effect on its substance. His treatment of Love, the imperial theme of lyric poetry, illustrates this.

Chivalry as an ideal partook somewhat of the feudalism and somewhat of the religion of the society out of which it sprang. The devotion of the Knight to his Lady went by the name of love, but ought rather to be called worship; for between them there existed, in theory at least, no personal relations. In fact, however, that faultless worship of the Knight for his Lady, untainted by thought of sex, had few votaries. As ancient as Adam and Lilith was the love the Troubadours sang. "Galeotto was the book, and he who wrote it," — in those words Francesca da Rimini revealed to Dante the influence which had brought her and her lover to Hell. That sexless attachment of Knight and Lady, like its counterpart, sacerdotal celibacy, might have prospered save for one thing: in the one case Chivalry, in the other the Church, left

human nature out of the reckoning; and flax and flame, then and to-day and always, must burn when they meet.

The sudden exalting of woman, commonly regarded as the chief product of Chivalry, had in essence a deeper origin. It marked a change in the ideals of sex that had slowly overspread Christendom; nay, they had not only overspread Christendom, they had mounted to heaven. The deification of the Virgin Mary typified the gradual recognition, unconscious rather than reasoned out, that at the very Heart of the Universe there must abide those qualities which make woman woman. The Christian God, as defined by the theologians, whether he were worshiped as One, or as Three in One, was a masculine God. The Power personified in the Father, the Wisdom in the Son, the Love in the Holy Ghost, were still the attributes of *man*, and not of *mankind*, since they did not include attributes which are the peculiar endowment of *woman*. Motherhood, the most intimate and beautiful of human relations, had no recognition in that scheme of Deity. But instinct deeper than creed supplied the lack in the creed which theology had drawn

up. In the apotheosis of Mary medieval Christendom made its most precious contribution to human ideals.

But while ideal womanhood had already before Dante's birth been deified, chivalric love had sunk in practice to the carnal level. The song might still be innocent, but the courtly singer and his mistress, the Knight and his Lady, were not. And the poetry itself, naïvely charming in its youth, had become conventional. The old phrases and much of the old prettiness remained, and the metrical skill had increased; but instead of many themes there was only ingenious repetition of one theme, — conceits refined and overrefined, and, worst of all, the evidence that neither the poet nor his readers believed in the pure devotion which he extolled.

Then Dante came, and into this faded ideal he poured that which first suffused it with new life, and then transfigured and sanctified it, until he had created a new ideal. Dante's passion for Beatrice was genuine; accordingly, his lyric poems to her vibrate with sincerity. Fortunately, he was spiritual as well as sincere; and it is of great moment that he, the earliest master of modern poetry,

should thus spiritualize the poetry of personal passion. Physical beauty remains of the earth, unless it be the medium through which the soul shines forth. Expression transcends form. Into his portrait of Beatrice he painted those attributes which never grow old, which could not be exhausted though every woman in the world possessed them; and the mere description of them must have more and more meaning according as men see with the eyes of the spirit. To have converted to such high uses the poetry of chivalry from being either a metrical plaything or an erotic ornament attests the genuineness of his passion. But he did more than this: he revived and amplified the mystical conception of Platonic love.

In his passion for Beatrice — as in all his other vital experiences — he passed by a process of growth from the personal and concrete to the impersonal and universal. At first it was the real Beatrice, the beautiful and lovely daughter of Folco Portinari, on whom all his passion centred; then, after she died, it was her memory that he worshiped; until gradually, from a person she became a personification, — the symbol in

Paradise of Heavenly Wisdom. What is this but Platonic Love, as described so mightily by Plato in "The Symposium," and so commonly misunderstood?

III

And now for the poems themselves. We find in the earliest of them a mystical view of love, which tends more and more towards the Platonic ideal, and which, after the death of Beatrice, when Dante writes avowedly in allegory, visibly merges in that ideal. As a youth, he had before him the beautiful *canzone* of Guido Guinizelli, "*Al cor gentil ripara sempre Amore*," in which mystical love is described with much philosophical finesse and much poetical charm. Among all the poems of that century, not by Dante, this is, I think, the most delightful; and if it had here and there a little more distinction of phrase, it would rank with the best modern lyrics. In it we have the two cardinal points laid down, that Love's dwelling-place is the gentle heart, — "Love and the gentle heart are one same thing," is Dante's own expression, — and that Love, since it came from God, wears an angel's face.

Only a barbarian would undertake to degrade into cold prose the loveliness of the love-poems in "The New Life": no other medium than verse can convey the music of the words, the heightened imagery, the emotion which pulses through the metre. We may, however, indicate some of their characteristics.

First, the freshness of them! They are the earliest blossoms of the Spring of Modern Love; and they glisten with the newness and the tenderness of Spring. For this vernal rapture we go back, in English poetry, to the Elizabethans; but Sidney and Spenser drew from Italian streams which flowed from Dante's fountain.

Then, their blending of naïveté with knowledge! This strange power, Love, overcomes Dante: it fills all his life, and transfigures the universe before his eyes; he watches its influence spread, as he might watch with increasing wonder the mystery of dawn grow into the pageant of sunrise. But while his soul is thus enthralled by the ecstasy of love, his reason seeks to know the origin and nature of his new master: hence that interweaving of passion and philosophy, in which

Dante came at last to transcend all other poets.

This blending reaches perfection in his descriptions of Beatrice, which rise higher and higher in spirituality, without letting us doubt that they apply to an actual woman. He reveals her to us by the effect she produces on those who beheld her, rather than by a definite portrayal of her countenance. Her eyes and her smiling mouth (the two features through which the soul becomes visible), and the sweet dignity of her bearing — her expression, and not her physical mould — these are the outward signs of Beatrice which Dante describes. Accordingly, his portrait of her is at once actual and ideal: every lover who looks upon it believes that it was drawn from a living Beatrice, but that it cannot possibly be true of any other than his own beloved.

And then, how many chords are touched by the poems in "The New Life"! Dante sings not only the perfection of Beatrice, but also his own perturbations. Like all lovers, he pendulates between boldness and shyness. For days or weeks his one desire is to see her, yet when they meet his courage deserts

him, he trembles at her salutation. He goes home to cry out on the tyrant Love who thus torments him; and even while he cries out, he longs for a repetition of the torment. Like other lovers, he resorts to subterfuge, and pays such marked attention to another damsel that Beatrice herself is deceived into thinking that he has forsaken her. When he hears of this, he sends her a poem (Ballata 1) in which he explains his conduct, and protests that his devotion has never wavered. The time comes when his passion is no longer a secret: his friends talk to him about it; Beatrice's companions question him as to its goal, and he pours forth the *canzone*, "Ladies, who have intelligence of love," a passionate ode in praise of Beatrice, whom the angels desire to be their comrade in heaven. Not long afterward the father of Beatrice dies, and for the first time the realization that Beatrice herself may die crashes like a thunderbolt through Dante's soul. For him, as for every true lover in youth, nothing else can equal the dismay and agony which that possibility causes. Life and love are identical to the youth who loves; how can he think of life without the beloved? Only in the all-

enveloping immensity of Death can the agony which Death inflicts be quenched. This sublimation of grief is rarely felt in later years, for experience teaches us that life can be lived, bereft of the beloved, or even lovelessly, and that Duty, Friendship, or Philanthropy may take Love's place at the helm.

This *canzone*, embodying Dante's first premonition of Death, lifts his love-story to a higher plane of significance by endowing it with that tragic quality which intrudes sooner or later upon us all. Dante had, in truth, already written two poems (Sonnet 3, Ballata II), when one of Beatrice's friends died; but they are graceful and sweet, the utterance of sentiment, while this is tragic. And even after the death of Beatrice herself he speaks as one sorrowing, but not amazed, at Death. In the third *canzone* he pictures Beatrice in heaven, God having called her to him because he saw that this troubled mortal life was not worthy of such a gentle thing. But if we except the lamentation addressed to pilgrims who are passing through Florence, sorrow rather than anguish henceforth prevails. He suffers keenly, but he continues to live; he strives for resignation, or at least for dis-

traction, and is stirred by moral incentives of whose force he had not dreamed till now.

The conclusion of "The New Life" contains further the record of Dante's experience with the Compassionate Lady, who grieved at his grief and tried to cheer him, and so far succeeded that he found himself in love with her. A very human touch is this, bearing witness to the close resemblance between Sympathy and Love. But the memory of Beatrice comes back so vividly to Dante that he realizes that Sympathy, however sweet, is not Love, and cannot replace the passion which Beatrice inspired; and so he concludes "The New Life" with that famous resolve to say of her "what was never said of any woman."

Brief as is this analysis of the themes dealt with in "The New Life," it will show, I trust, how wide their range is. Alike in the history of the poetry of the modern world and in the history of the ideals of love, they are of immense importance: intrinsically, also, many of them have never been surpassed, some of them have never been equaled, by subsequent singers of spiritualized love, of beauty, and of womanly perfection.

This cycle of poems in "The New Life," although it fills less than a quarter of the *Canzoniere*, is better known because of its sequence, its completeness, and the delightful prose setting, than all the rest, although among these are many magnificent poems, the fruits of Dante's lyric genius at its maturity. There are perhaps a dozen which seem to belong, either in theme or in treatment, with "The New Life"; then come the three *canzoni* of "The Banquet," and finally some forty other pieces which have not been classified.

We may mention first that strange group of poems[1] in which Dante inveighs against a lady who will not listen to his suit. They have shocked some of his critics and puzzled all, and many specious allegories have been invented to explain them. To analyze them we have not space here; but in the briefest review of Dante's lyrics they should not be passed by. For just as the poems to Beatrice reveal him as the youthful lover, so these

[1] These are Canzoni IX, X, and XI, Sestina I, and Sonnets 22, 32, 37, and 43. Canzone VIII refers to the Lady of the Casentino. I follow throughout Fraticelli's numbering (*Canzoniere*, Barbèra, 1873), which is the best in print, although by no means satisfactory.

show him to us loving with the full vehemence of his prime, and not at all resigned to worship silently and aloof the object of his passion. Who the lady was who has been called Pietra, quite without authority, and whether she was also the Lady of the Casentino, will probably never be known, but the poems add an entire province to our estimate of Dante's personality.

May we not be content to admit that much of the *Canzoniere* has never been satisfactorily "explained," nor can be, unless further evidence turn up, but that, nevertheless, nine tenths of it has intrinsic, vital meaning to-day? Most of the controversies rage round insoluble matters. I care not whether the stony-hearted lady lived in Padua, or the Lady of the Casentino had (as alleged) a goître; what would it profit us to know the names of the grandmothers of the sculptor of the Venus of Milo, or of the musicians who played the shawms when the 90th Psalm was first sung? The vital facts we have: the passion of the "Pietra" *canzoni* and of the *canzone* written in the Casentino is plain, and these poems all testify that no bardling wrote them.

Nor do I observe that psychology has yet found the key to literary criticism. Like pedantry, — or scholarship, if the old name seems discourteous, — it furnishes facts which do not touch the inner meaning of any art product. Suppose that we could, by some miracle of hindsight, measure, after the psychologist's fashion, the emotions of Shakespeare and Dante, and that we learned that Shakespeare's pulse rose three beats when he entertained an angry thought, or that Dante's temperature fell three twenty-ninths of a degree when he thought vehemently of love: what would it prove? Absolutely nothing as to the value of a scene from *Timon* or a sonnet from "The New Life." Equally vain are the efforts, so far as I have seen them, of those critics who have imagined that by such devices they could fathom the mysteries of the creative imagination. Psychology hath its bubbles, as religion and science have, and these are of them. Thirty years ago other critics believed just as confidently that they could explain genius by heredity.

Returning to our survey, we cannot but be amazed, as we get to the heart of one poem after another, by Dante's inexhaustibility

of thought, phrase, and metre. Judged merely by their number, the twenty *canzoni* are among the most remarkable evidences of poetic genius; but quality is the final test, and in this they do not fail. Not one is mediocre; fully three quarters are superior. If Coleridge had produced fifteen odes equal to "Dejection," we might have had in English a poetical achievement to set beside Dante's *canzoni*. I do not imply, of course, that Coleridge's genius resembles Dante's in kind. But without frequent citations from the original, it is impossible to do more than speak of some of the obvious characteristics of such poetry. Lyrics like the *ballate* — ten in number — evade even description. Their beauty depends on the perfect marriage of word and music, and is no more to be described except by itself than is one of Shakespeare's songs.

The first two *canzoni* of "The Banquet" record the stages by which Dante passed from the love of Beatrice to the love of philosophy; the third expounds the nature of true nobility. The remaining forty-five lyrics may be divided into moral, personal, and patriotic, according to their themes.

Concerning Dante's didactic poems in gen-

eral, it may be said that, even to an Anglo-Saxon who has personally, and vicariously through Puritan ancestors, listened for centuries to moral preaching, they still have that insistence of truth which was old before Dante's birth, and is born again whenever the youngest child perceives its meaning. In their intensity, they are among the few modern utterances through which the Old Testament resonance echoes; but Dante reasons, whereas the Jewish prophet proclaims downright, "Thus saith the Lord!" and awaits no reply. In these works, as in nearly all that he wrote, Dante was a pioneer. He tells us that before his time there were only love-poems in Italian, but that he chose to write of Philosophy under the guise of Love. When we reflect that the Italians, from never having read the Bible freely in their mother tongue, have been cut off from the traditional source of moral education in Protestant countries, we shall hardly overestimate what it meant to them that their greatest poet was also their greatest moralist.

Among other personal poems there are three sonnets (40, 41, 43) apparently written to Cino da Pistoja, for whom Dante feels

such friendship that he frankly urges him to mend his ways; but above all, there is the sonnet to Cavalcanti, "Guido, I would that Lapo, thou and I," — the delightfulest expression of Love and Comradeship, with its strange modernness of sentiment, and its language as simple and musical as that which captivates us in Heine's songs.

Finally, there are two patriotic *canzoni*. In one of them (xx) Dante addresses Florence, — "My country, worthy of triumphal fame, mother of great-souled sons," — conjuring her by her spotless past, when the citizens "chose virtues to be the pillars of the State," to extirpate the impious children who degrade her: "so that downtrodden faith may rise again with justice, sword in hand." From the first line to the last, we hear the outpouring of a true patriot, one who loves his country with a son's devotion, and knows that he best proves his love by repudiating the evil policy into which she has been led. Are there not lands to-day which might well heed the alarum of this envoy? "Thou shalt go forth, Canzone, boldly and proudly, since Love leadeth thee, into my country, for which I mourn and weep; and thou shalt find

some good men whose lantern gives no light; for they are submerged, and their virtue is in the mire. Shout unto them: Arise, arise! It is for you I call!"

Thus Dante pleads for the regeneration of his beloved Florence. In the other *canzone* (XIX) he rises at once to the summit of patriotism. He is an exile, outcast, yearning for his ungrateful city, when three ladies come together about his heart, because Love sits within. They too have been cast out from their rightful place in the affairs of men; they have been scorned, insulted, despised. Who are they? Righteousness, Generosity, Temperance: think what it means that a whole people should banish them, and that their refuge should be the heart of one just man, himself in banishment! Love listens to the story of their wrongs, and bids them not despair, for he and they are of one family, founded on the Eternal Rock. "And I who hear," says Dante, "such lofty exiles console them and lament, hold as an honor the exile decreed to me: and if man's judgment or the force of destiny will that the world turn its white flowers to dark, to fall among the good still merits praise." Here, then, is

the last behest of patriotism: you shall not condone your country's sins, but you shall keep your heart so pure that it may be the abode of Justice and Righteousness when all other men reject them; and above any compromise with the wicked, you shall prefer to fall among the good.

We may well close our survey with this magnificent poem, in which Dante has set Patriotism immutably on the heights, where Love and Righteousness dwell.

Thus is the circle of the *Canzoniere* complete. Love in many phases, — expectant, adoring, timid, angry, ecstatic; Friendship; Scorn; Wisdom; Integrity; Honor; Beauty; Patriotism; Death, — Dante has touched one after another these everlasting chords of human interest, and he has so touched them as to produce lyric poetry of the very highest quality. If we measure the range of Shakespeare's Sonnets and Songs, the only other work which equals the *Canzoniere* in lyric genius, we shall find that Shakespeare has little or nothing to say on several of these themes, however royally abundant is his utterance of others. In their capacity for passion the two poets were equal; but Dante

had a theory of life, the centre of which was Love, by which he came to test whatever experience, reflection, or imagination brought him. Shakespeare, so far as I discern, had no such unifying principle. The Niagara of life swept before him, and he sat upon the bank and strove to paint it as he saw it, — incessant, vast, awful, beautiful, — infinite in its momentary variations, yet apparently one and permanent: so he painted it, not recking to put on to his canvas any questions of Whence, or Why, or Whither. Accordingly, myriads of men have had their characters formed by Dante; I doubt whether many have been consciously formed by Shakespeare. I am not trying to compare these Incomparable Two, but merely to indicate their most striking differences. A comparison of Dante and Shakespeare, for the purpose of ranking them, would be as idle as a comparison of the Alps and the Atlantic Ocean; the genius of each sufficed to symbolize life in its entirety.

What abatement must we make in our estimate of the *Canzoniere?* Something, no doubt, must be deducted on the score of age, although Dante's language has fewer anti-

quated words than Shakespeare's. More formidable is his use of allegory; for even when we have agreed to take what we can of the natural meanings, and to let the gnomic and anagogical go, we should prefer to know all the possible answers to the riddle, and may feel a little aggrieved that we never can. That Dante sometimes exercises his marvelous gift for logical disputation beyond the proper limits of lyrical poetry, in which the main business is not to syllogize, can hardly be denied. So, too, we may justly object to an occasional display of learning, or to a passage obscured by too great condensation. But these blemishes occur very rarely, and not one of his poems is spoiled by them. To complain that even he could not lift some of the intricate metres with which he experimented out of the region of artificiality condemns those verse-forms, and not him.

After making whatever deduction we must, an inestimable treasure remains. In the *Canzoniere*, the highest lyrical genius embodies itself in the noblest themes. Appraising Dante's lyrics absolutely, for their contents and art, they belong at the head of modern poetry; judging them historically, to deter-

mine their place in the evolution of European poesy, they have, like all of Dante's writings, unique structural importance. By his conscience for form and respect for unity of theme and tone he belongs with the ancients, while by his treatment of the passionate and spiritual he seems strangely modern. He is the spokesman not of his own time and place merely, but of an entire age, of a complete civilization, which after six centuries of growth culminates before his eyes. And so his works embody that civilization, and transmit to us and to later ages as much of it as has perennial life.

But it is *his* genius, — the throbbings of *his* heart, the intensity and penetration of *his* mind, the medieval ideals exalted by *his* spirit, the terrible earnestness of *his* moral nature, — it is Dante, the man, the person, the poet, and not his epoch, that lives to-day; it is Dante, the passionate lover, that sings this matchless song to Beatrice — "*Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare.*"

CARDINAL HOHENLOHE — LIBERAL

CARDINAL HOHENLOHE—LIBERAL[1]

If Primo Levi, "L'Italico," whose trenchant articles are highly prized by intelligent Italians of all parties, had sought a favorable moment for issuing his recollections of the late Cardinal Hohenlohe, he could have found none better than the present. For just now, when Pius X, under Jesuit guidance, has launched his Syllabus against Modernists and Ultramontanism is everywhere recrudescent, the portrait which Signor Levi paints of a great prince of the Catholic Church who dared to be a Liberal is all the more striking by contrast.

Americans know so little about the real condition of Clerical cliques at Rome that they imagine that there is only one party, which acts always in perfect harmony. The real Papal Rome is, however, the battle-ground of unceasing conflict between one party in the Church and another — Franciscans strive with Dominicans, Jesuits with

[1] *Boston Evening Transcript*, November 2, 1907.

Liberals, seculars with regulars, and there is as great a difference between the members of the extremes as between, let us say, standpatter Republicans and Paterson Anarchists. In Rome this is well understood. Any one who has access to Black circles hears very much such talk of partisan hopes and personal ambitions as he would hear in political circles at Washington. Archbishop X is to be made a cardinal because a certain powerful Papal family insists upon his promotion; Bishop Y, on the contrary, has lost his hope of preferment because he resented Jesuit interference in his diocese; Z was slated for Nuncio to Tierra del Fuego, but it was thought expedient to propitiate the Spanish prelature by sending Monsignor Luis y Juan instead; and so on through all the changes of persons and combinations.

Primo Levi's recollections[1] give us an authentic glimpse behind the scenes. Cardinal Gustavo Adolfo Hohenlohe, a brother of the German Chancellor whose memoirs caused such a fluttering of German imperial dovecotes, chose the Church as a career, not be-

[1] "*Il Cardinale d'Hohenlohe nella Vita Italiana.*" Rome: *Società Tipografico-Editrice Nazionale.* 1907.

cause he was specially religious, but because it offered to him, thanks to his great family connections, a brilliant future. And he had a young man's enthusiasm for Pius IX, then recently made pope and the willing leader, as Italians fondly supposed, of the national cause. Pius soon backslid, but the young prelate held fast to his Liberalism and his love of Italy without surrendering his affection for the bland pope. He was rapidly promoted, and at a comparatively early age he became cardinal, with the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore as his seat. Luckily, the red hat reached him when it did, because he could hardly have expected it from Leo XIII, who was personally and politically unsympathetic to him. But being Cardinal and Prince Hohenlohe, and the most distinguished representative of the German Catholics, he could not be ignored by Leo, who had adopted the policy of appearing Liberal in non-essentials, while he maintained the old Pian attitude — *non possumus* — towards the Kingdom of Italy, the French Republic, and the German ecclesiastical agreement.

It was early in the nineties when the Cardinal's acquaintance with Signor Levi began,

and quickly ripened into the warmest and most trustful friendship. Primo Levi, now the foremost publicist in Italy, editor of the *Tribuna* of Rome, co-editor of the *Nuova Antologia*, confidant and mouthpiece of the administration, and a distinguished official in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, was then under forty, but he had already made his mark in journalism, and had been taken by Crispi as confidential secretary. During the rest of Hohenlohe's life Levi served as intermediary between him and the Government. Even earlier than this the Cardinal's courtesy toward the officials of the Quirinal had not been relished by the Pope; "for among Leo's other contradictions," says Levi, "was this — he wished to obtain favors from the Government, but to scold those who in order to serve him must have and have had cordial relations with the Ministers of the King of Italy."

Through Cardinal Rampolla Leo undertook to reprove Cardinal Hohenlohe. It was during the crisis when the Blacks were trying to inflame Catholics outside of Italy by declaring that unless the intolerable "imprisonment" of His Holiness ceased he would

be forced to depart from Rome. Hohenlohe was not the person to submit meekly to a dressing-down, even by the Pope, and to Leo's reproof he returned the following reply, which is one of the most important historical documents of the time:—

"At the last audience," the Cardinal writes, "I said to your Holiness that I had invited Minister Boselli, who had agreed to construct the great staircase at San Gregorio and had promised other favors. It seemed to me that your Holiness was pleased. All the greater was my surprise on receiving that letter from Cardinal Rampolla.

"To-day we can no longer isolate ourselves in Chinese fashion from the personages of the Italian Government. God has so ordained that the Church can never again get back her temporal power. The salvation of souls requires that we resign ourselves to this fact, that we keep quietly within the ecclesiastical sphere and perform charity by giving of our substance and by teaching the faithful.

"*There is talk of quitting Rome. Now his Excellency Crispi told me the other day to inform your Holiness that, if you wish*

to go, he will not oppose it and will have you escorted with all honors, but that your Holiness will never return to Rome; that if your departure should stir up a war — for example, on the part of France — religion would lose immensely thereby; that Italy will not make war unless France attacks her; that in case of war the Italian Government guarantees the safety of the Pope at Rome, but that the Pope must cherish no illusions: let him once depart, he shall never return to Rome, and the Holy See will suffer a terrible shock.

"Furthermore, France is giving Russia in the Orient every facility for the triumph of the schism, in order to secure a political alliance with Russia. So that there would seem to be very little to hope for in that quarter.

"We cardinals have the strictest right to speak the truth to the Pope; therefore, listen. In the time of Pius VI the five million crowns stored by Sixtus V in the Castle of St. Angelo were lost, and nevertheless, up to 1839, every new cardinal had to swear to preserve those five millions which no longer existed. It was only Cardinal Acton who in 1839 protested against that oath, and Pope Gregory

found Acton's reasons just. Likewise, to-day, also, cardinals are made to swear things which they cannot perform. Therefore it is time to find a remedy."

The letter is dated July 24, 1889. No wonder that Leo XIII, with his masterful nature, did not relish a cardinal who was so fearless and so frank; for popes, like other sovereigns, live in an atmosphere of flattery. But Leo and the Curia laid to heart Crispi's message, which I have italicized, and from that day to this there has been no serious talk of the Pope's abandoning Rome. Cardinal Hohenlohe's warning sank deep. The last point in his letter, however, has not yet been heeded. Every cardinal, and each new pope, is made to swear that he will preserve intact the inheritance of the Holy See, and this inheritance includes, theoretically, the Temporal Power, which was lost nearly forty years ago, and is as as much of a phantom as the five million scudi of Sixtus V or the legacy of Countess Matilda.

Cardinal Hohenlohe's other suggestion, that the Holy See abandon political intrigues and devote itself to works of charity and the saving of souls, has also been dis-

regarded. In 1889 he was one of the so-called Liberal Party among the high clergy, who hoped, by accepting the God-ordained loss of temporal power, that they might organize a religious revival in the Catholic Church. Two other cardinals, Franchi and Schiaffino, and the Papal Nuncio at Vienna, Monsignor Galimberti, who upheld the Liberal policy at that time, all died, as Signor Levi remarks, "rather mysteriously," — a euphemism for "by poison," according to the common belief of their intimates at Rome. Hohenlohe himself believed that his Clerical enemies were bent on getting rid of him in the same way. On December 5, 1892, the *Messaggero* newspaper announced, without the slightest reason, that he was ill, — as if to prepare the public for the subsequent announcement of his death. The news was inspired, he wrote Levi, from the *Segreteria* of the Vatican. That he deemed the danger real cannot be doubted; for shortly after, on being called to Schloss Rauden to the deathbed of his brother, the Duke of Ratibor, he turned to Levi to recommend to him a trusty traveling companion. The priests whom the Vatican wished to send

with him might, he thought, be too expert in the preparation of the *acquetta* which the Jesuits were supposed to use with satisfactory results on their enemies. The situation was sufficiently dramatic: Hohenlohe, one of the most eminent cardinals of his time, relied upon Signor Levi, a Jew, and the confidential aid of Crispi, to save him from his own colleagues! The mere fact speaks volumes. How much danger he actually ran is not important; but what is important is that a cardinal, who had spent forty years in the heart of the Papal machine, did regard assassination as a probable means of his taking-off. If a motive be sought, it can easily be suggested. Leo XIII, already over eighty years old, might die at any moment, and in the conclave to choose his successor the Liberal Party, although numerically small, might still be able to hold the balance of power and cause the election of a Liberal.

Primo Levi even goes so far as to suggest that Hohenlohe himself might possibly have been elected pope; and this, not merely because throughout the Catholic Church there were many earnestly religious persons, both

lay and clerical, who, wearied or disgusted by the politico-worldly régime of the preceding forty years, longed for a religious revival, but because there was the feeling, which slowly gains ground, that if the Catholic Church is really universal as it pretends to be, its pope should sometimes be chosen from outside the Italian cardinals. With five sixths of the Catholics non-Italians, it is unlikely that they will go on forever contributing the great bulk of the sums received at the Vatican, to be used for the benefit of a comparatively small number of Italians, or that they will consent to see the highest offices in the Church, especially the popeship, always bestowed on the small ring of Italian theocrats. But in the nineties, the reactionists and politicians at the Vatican knew very well that if there were even a compromise with the Liberals and the religious in the Church their own occupation would be gone. And so it happened that the three Liberal cardinals, — Franchi, Schiaffino, and Hohenlohe, — who might have exerted a deciding influence on the next conclave, were removed "rather mysteriously" long before Leo XIII died.

As titular protector of the Rosminians, Cardinal Hohenlohe incurred the implacable hatred of the Jesuits, who, since 1848, have never ceased to attack Rosmini. And with reason; for Antonio Rosmini was the one great religious leader produced by Italy in the nineteenth century, a saint in character, a philosopher of profound and comprehensive intellect, a churchman who wished the Catholic Church to be divorced from politics, an Italian who longed to see Italy free and independent. In the dawn of Pius the Ninth's career as a reformer, Rosmini was welcomed by the Pope, who announced that he should create him cardinal; but before the consistory was held the Jesuits had won Pius over, Rosmini was disgraced, and in 1855 he died, presumably of poison. The Rosminian ideal of the Church is so diametrically opposed to the Jesuit ideal that the followers of Loyola were logical in assailing it. Although Pius IX had formally approved Rosmini's doctrines, the Jesuits denounced them without respite and persuaded Leo XIII to approve their condemnation by the Inquisition. In 1892 the Vatican press issued an attack upon them which the *Osser-*

vatore Romano, the official organ of the Jesuits, extolled. Cardinal Hohenlohe thereupon wrote a satirical reply to the *Osservatore*, which he entrusted to Levi for publication. One passage from it must be quoted, as showing the Cardinal's position: "The traditions of the Church," he says, "have been left on one side; the episcopate is misused by treating the bishops like servants; without any right they [the Ultramontanes] are trying to impose on other nations political opinions which the majority of them cannot approve; in short, they are doing everything to compromise the Church. But this comes from a party; because if it came really from Leo XIII the episcopate would find itself in the hard necessity of deposing him as the champion of false doctrines, in opposition to his predecessor — *quod absit.*"

In 1894, Signor Levi conferred with the Cardinal in behalf of Baron Blanc, Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and of Crispi, Prime Minister, in regard to the attitude which the members of the Triple Alliance — Italy, Austria, and Germany — should hold in case a new conclave had to be summoned.

They agreed that as Germany was primarily a Protestant country it would not be becoming for her to take the lead, and that Italy must do nothing that might be construed as an interference with the spiritual activity of the Church. Therefore it would devolve on Austria, whose orthodoxy could not be questioned and whose sovereign was both "Catholic" and "Apostolic," to exercise, if necessary, her traditional right of veto. A secret memorial to this effect was drawn up, and a copy of it was sent to the Cardinal's brother, Prince Chlodwig Hohenlohe, at that time Chancellor of the German Empire.

Signor Levi recalls two other incidents of the Cardinal's last days which showed how far removed he was from the unreconstructed Clericals. He had an ardent admiration for Crispi, whom he regarded as a statesman of great ability, the mainstay of Italy against Clerical reaction on the one hand and against revolution on the other. More than once he entertained Crispi privately at his palace at Santa Maria Maggiore. At the wedding reception of one of Crispi's lieutenants in the Foreign Office, Hohenlohe took off his crimson beretta and put it on Crispi's head, with

the playful remark, "When I am Pope, you shall be my Secretary of State." The story leaked out, but as the occasion was strictly informal, Leo seems to have taken no official notice of it.

A little later, however, the Cardinal attended a banquet given by Baron Blanc, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, in his splendid quarters in the Sciarra Palace; and during the course of the dinner he caught Crispi's eye, lifted his glass of champagne and drank to him in silence. The next morning all Rome was talking about the affair. The Vatican professed to be horror-struck at the scandal. Leo summoned Hohenlohe and attempted to administer a rebuke, which, however, the impenitent Cardinal did not take very submissively. "He vindicated his liberty of action," says Levi, "whether as Prince of the Church or as earthly prince: for, being a great personage by birth and by nature, he could not evade certain social obligations, much less, he said, since he was the brother of the Chancellor of Germany, which naturally placed him in a special position, different from that of the other cardinals, towards the Italian rulers, who were

precisely the allies of Germany." Leo, besides maintaining the official hostility towards Italy which he inherited from Pius IX, happened at that time to be coquetting with France, and so the reference to Germany irritated him. "The interview," Levi remarks, "was not absolutely pacific." Cardinal Hohenlohe absented himself from Rome for several months, taking care to inform his friends, and through them the public, that it was not because the Pope bade him to do so. Leo was a masterful pontiff, but he knew when he had gone as far as it was safe in dealing with that massive German nature.

The following summer the Cardinal rejoiced at the dedication at Milan of Luca Beltrami's monument to Rosmini, to which festival he sent a personal representative, as he could not be present himself. Soon afterward his health began mysteriously to fail. Now he seemed better, now worse; but as his physician expressed no anxiety his friends felt no alarm. Suddenly, on October 30, 1896, he died. He was in his seventy-third year. Primo Levi hints at poison; in Rome that was and is the commonly accepted explanation. The Cardinal's family, remember-

ing that he had twice before almost died in this way, and dreading that an autopsy might confirm their suspicions, and so necessitate an attempt, by criminal process, to discover the agent whom the Cardinal's enemies had hired, preferred that he should be buried without an examination. When the next pope was elected — in 1903 — those enemies were in the ascendant.

Primo Levi's brief memoir is important as an historical document, because it reveals what was going on at the Vatican between the years 1888 and 1896. But it contains also much that is non-political, and gives us a most affectionate and sympathetic portrait of the princely Cardinal, the patron of artists, the lover of music, the host of Liszt, the *grand seigneur* who dwelt simply in the Villa d'Este. Hohenlohe Italianized himself to a degree that few foreigners have reached. On the intellectual and esthetic side he looked back to the Renaissance; but in religion, while he was sincerely Catholic as to doctrines, he was anti-Papal (in the modern sense), and he had the innate sturdy belief of the Teutonic race that religion should be judged by its fruits. The Church, he held,

ought to uplift souls and purify conduct, and not to pollute herself by pursuing mundane ambitions. So Dante also urged six centuries before him.

ITALY IN 1907

ITALY IN 1907[1]

One who has known Italy for more than thirty years can never return there without at once inquiring into her condition and comparing his latest with his earlier impressions. For United Italy is the great European experiment in which all the world is interested — an experiment involving patriotic, moral, racial, political, and religious considerations which have their points of contact with all the world. From 1860, when the Italian Kingdom sprang into being, its course was long precarious, and often so perilous that one watched it as men watched Blondin crossing Niagara on a tight-rope. At frequent intervals observers, native and foreign, predicted her collapse. Her public men made mistakes, apparently irretrievable; her enemies rallied again and again to destroy her; fortune dealt her more than one staggering blow; and yet she survived, and to-day she has a firmer position than ever before.

[1] *Boston Evening Transcript*, April 27, 1907.

The most obvious contrast between Italy in 1907 and Italy even ten years ago is the present financial optimism. Italy's credit is good, her currency circulates at par, and throughout the North she enjoys a period of rapid and sound commercial expansion. The United States can scarcely show a city of equal size to match Milan for progressiveness and "hustle." Material prosperity, the indispensable corner-stone on which the moral and intellectual improvement of the masses must rest, meets one at every turn; but this condition does not extend beyond Tuscany, except that the cities of Rome and Naples give evidence of rapid growth. Southern Italy and Sicily, however, offer an almost tragic contrast; and the problems which confront them have very deep roots. So bound up in Italy's Southern Question are historical, economic, social, and racial perplexities, that to unravel any one of them would mean almost a social transformation. But distressing though the plight of the Neapolitans and Sicilians truly is, we must remember that the conditions which now excite horror or indignation have existed for centuries, and that they would not now be discussed if the

happier conditions of the North and the Centre, and a quickened public conscience, had not forced the contrast into the foreground. Within a few years, for instance, the Southern peasants have been emigrating in such multitudes that entire districts are literally unmanned, if not depopulated; yet these peasants do not suffer worse than their fathers and ancestors did, who struggled half-starved through life, or died of famine in the lean years, and had no means of escaping their doom. The emigration problem itself has assumed an altogether different aspect for Italy. Not long ago emigration was encouraged as an easy way of getting rid of the superfluous or undesirable thousands; now the wisest Italians see that emigration is bleeding Italy of its best rural blood, and that, while temporarily necessary, the conditions which make it necessary must be remedied if the nation is to maintain its vigor.

Very striking, also, is the subsidence of Socialism. The number of Socialists has probably not decreased, but the cause itself no longer seems to portend an immediate upheaval. The change may be traced to several

reasons, among them being: the prosperity of the North, which is the hot-bed of Socialism; the recognition by many of the intellectual leaders who supported the Socialist programme that the people are not fitted to enter suddenly into Utopia; the splitting of the militant Socialists into three or four sects, mutually antagonistic. All these have contributed to the dispersal of an apparent danger. The same holds true of Republicanism. There are a good many Republicans, actual or theoretical, but no man of commanding influence advocates the Republic. Carducci in 1895 expressed the general feeling when he declared that the Monarchy was the only practical government for Italy, and that it would take several decades, if not generations, before the Italians would be ripe for a republic. In 1905, at the national celebration of Mazzini's centenary, Signor Ernesto Nathan delivered the oration, in the presence of the King, and he said that were Mazzini still alive he would unquestionably support the Monarchy as the guarantee of Italian unity and independence. Such an avowal from the depositary of Mazzini's papers and the guardian of Mazzini's memory, himself in other times

a distinguished Republican, sufficiently measures the complete change that has come to pass. Socialists and Republicans will go on holding meetings, and their deputies in Parliament will prod the bourgeoisie majority to concede many of the reforms for which they justly clamor, but only a few fanatics would rejoice to see the Monarchy overturned and Italy plunged into civil war from which she might not emerge intact. Nevertheless, the Party of Revolution recently scared the conservative classes so thoroughly that all of them, even the Clericals, rallied together for mutual support. The scare had at least the beneficial effect of compelling each party to fall back on its fundamental principles. The intuition that in the Monarchy lies their salvation illustrates the level-headedness of the Italians. Up to a certain point they will listen to political Utopians; but long experience with adverse fortune during the Old Régime has made them too skeptical to be willing to fly to ills they know not of.

In her foreign relations Italy shows another improvement. She maintains the Triple Alliance, but somewhat less burdensomely, and under conditions which have not pre-

vented the restoration of very friendly intercourse with France. Crispi's rupture with the French Republic blocked the regular financial and commercial channels and caused much hardship; but many persons who formerly denounced it now admit that it has been justified by the results, for it broke up the unhealthy tendency of the Italians to look to France for their initiative, and it led the French Republicans to understand that when they connived with the Vatican to harass the Italian Kingdom they were employing a weapon which might be turned against themselves. Italy has always been able to count on England's friendship, and latterly this good will seems to have had something stronger than a polite sympathy behind it. Next to France, Italy is the largest naval Power in the Mediterranean, so that her cooperation with England, in case the English supremacy at Malta, Cyprus, and the Suez Canal were threatened, might be of vital service to John Bull. Italy's abandonment of her wild-goose chase in Abyssinia — that adventure in Imperialism which, besides draining her of men and treasure, had the demoralizing effect of a blunder persisted in — has

contributed largely to her recovery of self-respect and strength.

Another factor which should not be overlooked is the personality of King Victor Emmanuel III. Unlike his father, he conceives that the Italian Monarchy cannot function properly unless the Monarch plays an active part, as the Constitution intends, in the government of the country. The Italian King should be, in theory, less autocratic than the German Emperor, but politically more active than the British Sovereign; and this is the view which Victor Emmanuel III has conscientiously followed. He is a man of a highly-trained intelligence, of a controlling sense of duty, and of unfailing common sense. His influence, which has none of the theatricality that one associates with the Kaiser, is a very real fact, growing from year to year, to strengthen the Monarchy and help Italy at home and abroad.

Before passing on to discuss in detail the most striking change of all, I must pause for a moment to mention a few evidences of intellectual vitality. Carducci, the most eminent poet and critic of modern Italy, had been silenced by failing health for some time be-

fore his death, recently, but his presence has been seen in the work of all the younger literary men. The repudiation of D'Annunzio, except by his special clique, marks a healthier tone, partly due, one might argue, to the maturing of the sound principles which Carducci sowed. In like manner Professor Villari has bred up an able body of historical students and writers, men skilled in the German methods of research but free from the German heaviness of presentation. Great scholars abound in various specialties, and the even rarer type of men who, like Professor Vittorio Fiorini, can organize and lead great enterprises of coöperative scholarship, has been developed. In science, Lombroso, Morselli, Mosso, Golgi, who lately received the Nobel prize for his discoveries in medicine, and Marconi, enjoy international reputations. So do Benedetto Croce, one of the keenest of living Italian philosophers; Pompeo Molmenti, the historian of Venice, and Guglielmo Ferrero, who has made his new interpretation of Imperial Rome the fashionable topic in Parisian salons, and has aroused among his colleagues a vehement dispute as to his method of writing history. "He is the

only real historian we have," a man of world-wide fame assured me; "all the others are mere annalists." "He writes a mixture of psychology and romance, but not history," was another opinion I heard expressed. In fiction Senator Fogazzaro towers so far above his fellows that he stands in a class by himself. "The Saint" has been read rather as a war-cry or party manifesto than as a novel, but his earlier works, especially "Daniele Cortis," show that he is a novelist by birthright. The younger men and women pour out fiction, much of which is popular, although it lacks epochal significance, seeks too much inspiration in Paris, and flaunts as a staple the tedious sexual theme. One veteran, Edmondo de'Amicis, has turned from writing novels to Socialism and syntax.

Much intellectual activity of a high order has gone into the reorganizing of the great museums and the pushing forward of archeological exploration. The work of Giacomo Boni at the Roman Forum and on the Palatine can best be described as unique. The inestimable collections of paintings at the Milan Brera, the Venice Academy, and the Florence Uffizi have been rearranged, so that

now those galleries are, what they should be, treasuries in which every work of art can be studied both in its historic relations and for its intrinsic qualities. The most remarkable improvement of all has taken place at the Naples Museum. Under the impelling genius of Ettore Pais — in whom are combined immense erudition, an extraordinary gift for classification, executive ability, and untiring physical energy — that museum has become a model. No similar work has been accomplished in so brief a time against what seemed insuperable difficulties, political, financial, and personal. Professor Pais's countrymen do not even yet recognize that he has given Italy a museum superior in its field to the Louvre or the British Museum or the Berlin Museum; but they will doubtless build a monument to him after his death. In this sphere of achievement belongs the restoration by Senator Luca Beltrami of the Castello Sforzesco at Milan. It is well that such an object-lesson of the power of the Italian despots should be planted before the eyes of a generation which, exasperated at to-day's burdens, sighs for a medieval and Renaissance social perfection which never existed.

But in many respects the most striking change is in the new attitude of the Vatican. A foreigner who skims only the surface of Italian life never understands how naturally and completely the Italians separate Church and State. They distinguish exactly between the political and religious side of Catholicism. They discount the appeal to the religious side which the adroit managers at the Vatican make when they are seeking a political advantage. They have smiled half-cynically, half-contemptuously, for instance, at the pretense which the Papal reactionists have kept up since 1870 that the Pope is a "prisoner"; for they know pretty accurately how much that pretense has been worth in dollars and cents by stimulating the contributions and inflaming the zeal of Catholics in foreign countries. So, too, they have taken the periodical denunciations of the Italian Government at their true value. The parry-and-fence has come to be an affair as well understood on both sides as the vituperations which criminal lawyers hurl at each other in court, before they go to dine together, as if nothing had been said.

But, although a tacit *modus vivendi* has

long existed, and although since 1870 ninety per cent, at least, of the Italians would never have consented to the restoration of the Pope's temporal power, there has lurked in their minds till lately the thought that possibly foreign interference might try to bring that about. At any rate, they have had to take it for granted that the Vatican would annoy Italy as much as it could — that being simply part of the game which Pius IX elected to play and Leo XIII decided to continue. But since the advent of Pius X there has come about a cessation of hostilities. At the very moment when Liberal Catholics are chafing at the reaction which the Vatican has wrought in religious matters, they are astonished by an unheard-of quiescence in political matters. The same pope who permits the suppression of a prelate like Bishop Bonomelli, who sanctions the condemnation of Fogazzaro, the most distinguished Catholic layman in Italy, who winks at the scattering of the Christian Democrats, and issues orders that the Bible is to be interpreted literally, sanctions an agreement with the Italian State! Let us examine somewhat closely the pontiff and the seeming paradox.

For Pius X personally everybody in Italy has sincere respect. Clericals, Liberals, and Independents concur in praising his piety and genuine religious fervor, not less than the purity of his motives. "He is a model parish priest," I heard from many witnesses; "but," most of them added "not the stuff out of which successful popes are made nowadays. Religion is well, piety is well, but the great Catholic machine, whose dynamo is in the Vatican, must be run by a different sort of power." And immediately comparisons are drawn between Pius X and his predecessor. Leo XIII, like the mightiest of the popes in earlier days, — like Hildebrand and like Innocent III, — was a sufficiently adept theologian and a master diplomat. The high prestige to which he raised the Church was due more to his diplomacy than to his theology. His diplomatic instinct taught him when to push theology into the foreground and when, discreetly, to keep it out of sight. Thanks to this fact, he created the illusion of always winning his case. He inherited from Pius IX, for instance, the Culturkampf in Germany, and for eight years, he maintained outwardly a no-surrender attitude: but

meanwhile Bismarck was gaining his point, and when the Pope saw the futility of struggling further, he had the adroitness to make it appear that he, and not the German Chancellor, had won. So after opposing the French Republic for many years, and conniving at every effort to overthrow it, when he found that it was too stanch to be overthrown, he prudently decided to accept French republicanism; and again his recognition was so adroitly ostentatious that it seemed as if he were conferring a favor on France, instead of acknowledging a defeat. Such achievements are the acme of diplomacy; and by them Leo XIII secured for his Church not only a fruitful influence over Catholic countries, but a larger measure of respect among Protestants than she had enjoyed since the Reformation.

Leo died in the summer of 1903. In less than two years his successor, "the model parish priest," had squandered that immense legacy of prestige and good will, and by the end of 1906 he found even Spain — the home of the Inquisition, of the Jesuits, of the Counter-Reformation, and of Catholic intolerance — proposing to throw off the fet-

ters of Ultramontanism. Worse than this, he had driven France, the chief contributor of Catholic money, to open rebellion. How did this come about? The explanation given by Italians of all shades is that the Jesuits are in full control — that Pius X was elected, indeed, as their candidate. When Leo XIII died, three possibilities presented themselves to the College of Cardinals. They might choose a Liberal, who should frankly accept the new order and honestly work to put an end to the political and worldly activities of the Church and strive to make it — what its founders intended it to be — a religious institution. Next, they might elect Cardinal Rampolla, the ablest member of the Sacred College, and the natural continuer of Leo's policy. Finally, they might agree on a Reactionist. The Liberals among them were few in number and faint-hearted. Rampolla encountered the implacable hostility of the Jesuits and of the other malcontents who had been held too long in check by Leo to consent to stay out in the cold during another pontificate run on similar lines. Accordingly, they combined on Cardinal Sarto, the Venetian Patriarch. He was not a Jesuit, he was pious,

somewhat naïf, with the obstinacy of virtuous men, narrow in proportion to their rectitude: a capital instrument for the Jesuits' purpose. They forced upon him for Secretary of State Merry del Val, a Spaniard brought up by Jesuits, without experience, ominously young, ambitious, and naturally in full harmony with his creators. They had little difficulty in persuading Pius that the policy they suggested to him originated with himself. In this way has a pope, whose election was hailed by those who did not know him as a triumph for Liberalism, become the leader of reaction.

But how does it happen, many ask, that the Jesuits advise so disastrous a policy? The reply is simple: there is no greater delusion than that which attributes to the Jesuits unusual capacity for statesmanship. Because they are supposed to excel in craft, it is assumed that they make successful statesmen. History shows that for three centuries they controlled, directly or indirectly, at different times, the political destiny of Catholic Europe, yet nothing is surer than that when they were in the ascendant the country they controlled declined. The annals of Spain, of

Portugal, of France, of Italy, of Austria bear witness to this truth. The rate of decline of the Papal power itself under Gregory XVI and Pius IX can be measured by the increase in Jesuit influence; the undermining of Charles X and of the Second French Empire was as surely achieved by the Jesuits in the nineteenth century, as was the downfall of the Stuarts in the seventeenth. Many other similar instances will occur to students of modern history. So commonly does disaster follow on Jesuit ascendency that one would be justified in predicting that the fact that Jesuits are at the helm to-day in the Vatican forebodes a further humiliation for the Holy See.

That the Jesuits should be bad statesmen is inevitable. Excellent as is their training for many purposes, the very constitution and ideals of their Company make them fanatics. They obey logic as remorselessly and as disastrously as Robespierre obeyed it. But the first attribute of a statesman, as Cavour said, is tact to discern the possible — a very different matter from trying to twist the world to fit a preconceived formula. The true statesman, recognizing the inevitable evolution of

human society, makes it his business to remodel the past according to the needs and ideals of the present. In the largest sense, he experiments. But the Jesuit, being immovably rooted in the past, denies the claims of the present. Since 1560 he has had but the single greeting — "This is damnable" — for every symptom of theological growth, as well as for democracy, vaccination, railroads, telegraphs, free speech, and free press, and a hundred other manifestations of progress. He has been magnificently consistent, perfectly logical, but with a consistency and logic which disqualify him from succeeding in statesmanship. If we are to believe the Jesuit declarations from the Council of Trent down to the Syllabus of 1864 and onward to our own day when Pius X, at Father Billet's behest, condemns "Modernism," the modern world is incompatible with Roman Catholicism. But what if the modern world turn the proposition round and declare that Roman Catholicism, a medieval product, is incompatible with the modern world? Leo XIII saw that in millions of minds this reversal was actually being made or considered, and he set himself to work to demonstrate its

inaccuracy. Pius X, on the contrary, listened to the Jesuits and forced the issue in France. The French Republic, after long waiting, announced its determination to put an end to the outworn alliance between Church and State, and to establish perfect sectarian liberty. The Greeks, the Jews, the Protestants in France found the new laws satisfactory, and many Roman Catholics were willing to accept them; but the Vatican said No, with the results which we have seen. Thereby it has virtually declared that religious liberty and equality are incompatible to it — at least in France; for the "religious liberty" to which the Vatican has recently expressed its devotion is really nothing but religious monopoly, and American Catholics are disingenuous, to say the least, when they declare that the Vatican insists on securing in France only such freedom as Catholics enjoy in the United States.

The Italians have watched this struggle with increasing satisfaction, quick to see the mistaken policy of the Vatican, and to recognize in one blunder after another the sign of their adversary's weakness. For Italians will instinctively regard the Papalist faction

as their adversary until that faction ceases to put forward, even in a Pickwickian sense, claims to temporal sovereignty. Throughout Italy the sympathy of the intelligent classes, excluding, of course, the Papalists, was almost unanimously with France. Officially, Italy maintained an absolutely correct attitude, going even so far as to prevent a pro-French demonstration in Rome, in order that the Vatican might not be able to cite such a meeting as a proof of the Government's secret unfriendliness. In other places, sympathy with the French Government was freely expressed, and the Clericals also had their counter-demonstrations. The Italians' hope that France would not yield was not wholly unselfish. Believing in religious liberty, they are glad to see it prevail in other countries, but their first concern is that the rupture between France and the Vatican shall remove the possibility that France might interfere to restore the Temporal Power. French interference was for years a danger they had to take into their reckoning; for French politicians have not always disdained to intrigue with the Clericals to stir up trouble in Italy and even to threaten to interpose in behalf

of the Pope. Nor have the Italians forgotten that it was Louis Napoleon's protectorate which prolonged the existence of the Papacy and made the Roman Question insoluble. The removal of this danger now lifts Italy to a new plane; for Austria, the only other Catholic Power with a considerable army, has nothing to gain by a war against Italy, at the instigation of the Vatican. If Jingoes and yellow journalists should bring Austria and Italy to blows, it would not be over the Pope.

The resumption of friendly relations between the Vatican and the Quirinal is of course officially disavowed on both sides; but it is an undeniable fact, and indicates the tacit recognition by the Papalists that they need the Kingdom of Italy. The one thing indispensable to the Roman Catholic Church is that its headquarters shall remain at Rome. Some fifteen years or so ago, when the politicians of the Vatican were plotting to incense the Catholic world against the Italian Government, they thought they could strengthen their case by threatening to remove the Pope from Rome as a sign that his "imprisonment" had become intolerable. Thereupon Crispi

sent word to Leo that, if he wished to quit Rome and Italy, he should be escorted with sovereign honors to the frontier, that every courtesy should be shown to him, but that neither Pope nor Curia should ever come back. Leo heeded the warning. He knew that Crispi meant what he said, and was the man to carry out his purpose; he knew, too, that were the Roman Church to hail from Barcelona, or Avignon, or Graz, or Baltimore, it would cease to be Roman, cease to speak *urbi et orbi*, and inevitably sink into a second-rate institution. Since that time there have been no serious threats of seeking a more congenial home for the Holy See.

Although the Church is Catholic, yet its management is Italian, and when it comes to risking their control, the Italian majority in the hierarchy may be trusted never voluntarily to abandon the Italian environment on which their supremacy depends. For four hundred years, by arranging the College of Cardinals so that its majority is always Italian, they have permitted no foreigner to be chosen Pope. At the present time there is only one American cardinal, although if the red robe were conferred upon Catholic prelates in the

United States in the same ratio as in Italy, there would be twenty American cardinals. So there are only four French cardinals, yet the population of France nominally Catholic outnumbers that of Italy, which has over thirty cardinals and the Pope besides. Some of the more progressive Catholics foresee that an agitation for a fairer distribution of the great prizes of the hierarchy may not long be deferred. "Taxation without representation" is a powerful wedge, and in this case the charge applies in so far as it is true that the contributions of Catholics all over the world go to maintain a disproportionately large body of Italian prelates.

Having tried in vain since 1870 to overthrow the Kingdom of Italy, or at least to recover temporal control over Rome, and being convinced at last that they cannot secure foreign aid to restore them, the Papalists have adopted a new policy. For a while, internal revolution seems to have dangled before their imaginations as a cheering possibility. Help from foreigners being out of the question, why might not the Monarchy be demolished from within? Discontented factions were noisy, the idle and the dis-

orderly were numerous, and in any upset the Papalists might hope to profit. There is a strong presumption, although naturally no documentary proof, that they secretly cast about to form a league with the various opponents of the Monarchy; undeniably they did not allow any opportunity to escape for embarrassing the Government. And then, having been thwarted again and again, they saw a great light. They realized that if the Monarchy were overturned, it could be only by the Republicans and the Socialists, whose next act would be to destroy Church and Curia, root and branch. When they realized this, the *Papalini* took counsel of common sense and of the instinct of self-preservation. They accepted the continuance of Monarchy as the condition indispensable to their own existence. Hence the latter-day *rapprochement* between the Vatican and the Quirinal, the sure avowal that what the hierarchy dreads most of all is a political catastrophe which might compel it to depart from Italy. The State having got on for thirty years in spite of the open hostility and insidious intrigues of the Church, now becomes, after a fashion, the protector

of the Church. Certainly, the divinity that shapes our ends likes occasionally to indulge his sense of humor.

By this action, the Clericals do not intend to relinquish their immemorial claims. If the occasion should ever arise for them to seize Rome they would not let it slip; but most of them admit in private that there is just about as much probability of restoring the extinct line of Stuarts to the throne of England as of restoring the Pope to the temporal sovereignty of the Eternal City. Modern government has ceased to be an affair for ecclesiastics. Italian Clericals may hope in time to exert an influence in Parliament, as they do in France, Germany, Austria, and Belgium; they may even, conceivably, control an administration in the ebb-and-flow of party struggles; but this is very different from having the government handed over to cassocked and berrettaed clerics. And at Rome many of the stanchest Blacks would shudder if they believed there were the slightest possibility of the restoration of ecclesiastical government; for they know that that would involve an immediate financial crash, a fall in the value of pro-

perty, the stoppage of industries, the turning over to untrained and incompetent priests of the management of the great agencies of modern progress and convenience. Imagine the consternation which would ensue if on a given day our railway or telephone systems were to be entrusted to boards composed of Roman Catholic bishops and priests, instead of to the experts who have devoted their lives to railways or telephones, and you will understand how the Romans would feel if they could be brought to regard the restoration of the Temporal Power as a live issue.

Foreigners, and especially untraveled Catholics, still think of Rome as the *Papal* city; but in truth Rome is now the *Italian* capital, in which Papal interests hold a secondary place. The Clericals — including in this class all those who have Church offices, or are dependent upon such office-holders, together with members of religious orders, and members of families which, from motives of conviction or interest, refuse to accept the Monarchy — all these persons probably do not number one tenth of the inhabitants of Rome. It must not be forgotten that among

the priests and other religious there are many Liberals, and that even among the avowed Clericals there are few who wish to see Italy destroyed. But the dominant life of the city is Italian, not Roman. The thousands of Government employees, with their families and connections, the military garrison, the civil courts, the central administration of the railways, depend upon the maintenance of the Monarchy in the Eternal City. These groups, moreover, are not Romans, but Italians, natives of every part of the Peninsula, who have gravitated to their national capital just as Americans gravitate to Washington.

A similar change has transformed Roman society. Down to 1870 the aristocracy and the classes affiliated with it were naturally Roman and Papal. But with the entrance of the King, the Court, government, and aristocracy became Italian. The grandees of Piedmont, Lombardy, Venetia, Tuscany, Naples, and Sicily met to form a truly national aristocracy, compared with which the Roman aristocracy could muster only a small contingent. Some of the Romans, already tried patriots, welcomed the new order; others, irreconcilable, treated the House of

Savoy and its court as intruders and parvenues. But little by little the success of the Kingdom has wrought a great change in the attitude of the old Roman nobles. To be deprived of the opportunity to display their wealth or their social hauteur was a sacrifice which many of them saw no sufficient reason for making. They aspired also to the offices and honors which the New Régime could bestow, and they felt no imperative call to endure social martyrdom as a protest against the unification of Italy. Consequently, they made their peace with the Quirinal. There are Papal families of ancient pedigree which resolutely hold out, like the Bourbons of the Faubourg St. Germain, against the modern order; but a Colonna at the Quirinal is at least the social equivalent of a Chigi at the Vatican.

One result of this change has not been sufficiently remarked. So long as Rome was the Papal capital, members of the great Papal families went into the Church as a matter of course. Younger sons had to be looked after, and they expected the Papacy to look after them. Nor did they expect in vain. Every great family had its monsignore or its bishop,

its legate or its cardinal; and the lucrative civil offices, mostly sinecures, fell to other aristocrats who did not care to take orders. The Papal Court, whether clerical or lay, was therefore aristocratic, and the hierarchy itself was — to employ the common phrase — of the social upper crust. But that condition has passed. The Pope has no lay sinecures to bestow; and the sons of the Roman aristocratic families — even of the Blacks — are no longer attracted to enter the Church in order to qualify for ecclesiastical prizes. It follows inevitably that the personnel of the hierarchy has ceased to be fashionable. What this means will be appreciated by every one who recognizes how great a part social prestige plays in the success of institutions.

The Papalini at Rome feel this, although they are not all so frank in expressing it as was a distinguished noble of an old Black family, who said to me: "Pius X is a good man, religious, well-meaning, but what can we expect? He is only a peasant, with no social training, brought up in an out-of-the-way corner of Italy, where he had no conception of how to run a Church whose 200,000,000 members live in all parts of

the world. Naturally, he 'butts in' and makes the blunders we see." "Only a peasant"—there spoke the aristocrat. I was reminded of a Philadelphian who once assured me that "Abraham Lincoln did very well, but he was n't a gentleman—would n't have been met in West Walnut Street society." Now, Leo XIII was *Count* Pecci, and Pius IX was *Count* Mastai Ferretti, aristocrats by descent and temperament, and to-day the aristocracy feels rather keenly the difference between them and Giuseppe Sarto, the Venetian peasant. The Vicar of God on earth (strange as it seems, considering what is reported of the antecedents of Jesus Christ) lacks something in not being born in the proper social set.

But although Rome has ceased to be the Papal city, it is still the centre of Catholic Christendom, and of late years Catholic fraternities and organizations of all kinds have made it their home, until now it numbers more religious houses than in the old Papal days. This is of itself a tribute to the liberal treatment which the Italian Government accords even to its enemies. At the very moment when Roman Catholic politicians in

foreign countries were crying out against the cruelty of keeping the Pope "a prisoner" in the Vatican, Catholic priests, monks, and nuns were flocking to Rome to establish themselves there, where they feel secure in their persons and their property. Not only have they invested large sums in real estate and buildings, but it is no secret that the Papal corporations are heavy holders of Italian Government securities. Not all Italians regard with satisfaction this silent re-invasion of Rome by Papal elements. They foresee that if the process continues, a *milieu* will be created in which old abuses may revive. They regard as corrupting the presence of bodies of Clericals who work underhand and through intrigue, according to the methods which their kind have employed for centuries.

Some of these critics, and among them one counts several of the foremost Italians, view with disgust or regret the recent *rapprochement* between the Vatican and the Quirinal. They insist that the truce, or alliance, call it what you will, benefits the Pope and not the King. The Royal Government had proved, during thirty-five years, its ability to go on

its way irrespective of Papal hostility; by consenting now to accept Papal overtures, it appears to set an unwarranted value on Papal friendship, and it hampers the political march of Italy towards the goal of Liberalism; for the views of the Vatican party must insensibly react on the Monarchy. There will be secret understandings, bargains, collusions, in which the slippery, astute, and unscrupulous politicians of the Curia may be counted upon to outwit the politicians of the Consulta. To this the Ministerialists reply that the Kingdom of Italy has never made war on the Catholic religion, that it has, on the contrary, always desired to see the Church work freely in a free State; and that when the Vatican gives up its political hostility, the Government cannot do less than treat it courteously.

But while this tacit *rapprochement* has been effected between Church and State, in the Church itself there has been a marked reaction under Pius X. The same influences that have embroiled the Vatican with France and undone elsewhere the achievements of Leo XIII, have cried halt to every sign of religious Liberalism. The fate that has over-

taken the Christian Democrats may serve as an example. They are one of the most hopeful religious symptoms of modern Italy; for they are sincere, earnest men, imbued with the desire to apply religion to life. They wish to purge the slums, to raise the downtrodden, to educate the ignorant, to bring to the masses a helpful knowledge of the social and economic principles to which the world now looks for health, and to kindle among the élite a sense of their responsibility. They saw the avowed Socialists doing the work among the lower classes which ought to be done by the followers of Jesus Christ; and so they launched forth with zeal — some to operate by personal contact, others to spread their propaganda by addresses and writings. They founded several journals, and in Don Romolo Murri, their religious chief, they had a man intellectually superior and sincerely religious. Among laymen their prophet-leader was Senator Fogazzaro, a poet and novelist of genius, who incarnated in "The Saint" many of their ideals. For a while the Vatican not only tolerated but seemed to welcome them, regarding their movement as a wholesome counter-current to Socialism, which was mak-

ing inroads into the masses. Pius X was supposed to look with particular favor on them and to take personal satisfaction in Senator Fogazzaro's views. Then came a revulsion. "The Saint" was put on the *Index*, the leading Demo-Cristiani disappeared from Rome, or kept themselves secluded; their editorial offices were closed; Don Murri was assailed by the Jesuit press and annoyed by petty persecutions. "We must wait patiently till the wind changes in the Vatican," one of them wrote to me from the remote province to which he had been practically banished.

In suppressing the Christian Democrats and in proscribing "The Saint," both having Liberal tendencies, the Jesuits have been wholly logical. "If you grant an inch to Liberalism," they consistently argue, "it will take an ell. Christian Democrats propose to show that the most important thing is to do good to their fellow men — that that is the essence of religion. If we admit that, what becomes of Catholicism, of authority, of faith, of religion itself?" And yet in spite of logic, the great majority of the intelligent Italian Catholics regard the suppression of the Christian Democrats, the condemnation

of "The Saint" and the recent furious bulls against Modernism, as stupid blunders: for the majority are Liberal and they resent the implication that Catholicism is incompatible with Liberalism. Caring little about theological quibbles, they fret at the reactionary policy which prohibits them from being patriotic citizens and even from performing acts of common Christian charity. They protest in the name of the Church that it is a mistake to forbid churchmen to exercise legitimate influence on public and social issues. Their spokesman, Senator Fogazzaro, does not approve, however, of the formation of a Clerical Party because he believes that such a party, preoccupied with its selfish political interests, would set the political above the religious — witness the career of the Clerical Party in Germany — and provoke a reaction against the Church. "What he desires," he wrote recently, "is that there shall be Catholics in the ranks of every party, ready to unite only when, were the rights of the Catholic conscience threatened, they could count on the support of all the friends of liberty." And so in the social-economic field, he urges that "since action exclusively Catho-

lic might be suspected of serving party ends, he would prefer to see the Catholics take the initiative suggested to them by a noble sentiment of solidarity with the people which works and suffers, and then to accept the collaboration of all persons of good will, irrespective of creed, and to set to work with a programme to which the agnostic and the most ardent believer can equally adhere." There we have the Liberal-religious reply to the Jesuit-theological declaration; and nobody who is familiar with history or with the undercurrents of Catholicism in Italy to-day can doubt that the tide of Liberalism is rising. Some time or other, it may be next year, it may be ten years hence, it will rise above the breakwater which the Jesuit reaction has thrown up against it. The Demo-Cristiani know that, from the first Franciscans on, every group, that set out on the simple plan of doing good, has been opposed, at the outset, by the Papal entourage.

The nearer we approach Rome the more does the Church appear to be a political rather than a religious institution. In Rome itself the political aspect is paramount. Not that there are not spiritually-minded men in

the Vatican — Pius X is a noble example of a prince of the Church who has preserved his piety up to old age. Nevertheless it is notorious that political considerations dominate, even in purely religious matters. Many persons believe, for instance, that Pius X, in resisting the introduction of liberal laws in France, has had the secret support of the German Emperor, who hoped that out of the dispute a civil war might spring up, to the weakening of the French Republic. This suspicion may be well founded, for it is whispered that Kaiser Wilhelm's hostility to Cardinal Rampolla helped to kill the latter's chances in the last conclave, with the result that Cardinal Sarto was elected. The fact that the Kaiser is a Protestant makes no difference; for when the intriguers at the Vatican seek political advantage, they do not ask inconvenient questions about their allies' religion. So, in old times, it was believed that they would not shrink from a league with the Turk if they thought he could help them to humble a refractory Catholic ruler.

But we shall fail to perceive the significance of the great drama unless we go deeper. The Catholic Church, beginning as a relig-

ious institution, gradually grew in wealth and power and took on political functions. Then it became incarnate in a political State, the most corrupt and worldly of all the States of the Renaissance. The conscience of Christendom revolted; the Reformation ensued; the Papacy, still political, shorn of its splendor and influence, barely maintained itself as a degenerate principality. Finally, the march of progress deprived it in 1870 of the last shred of temporal power. So the very stars in their courses have been fighting to force the Church back to religious foundations, on which alone its existence can be justified. But the political motive, the love of power, and the worldliness, which are never so insistent as when they take possession of ecclesiastics, still dominate the hierarchs, many of whom have so long confounded the spiritual and the temporal that now they cannot distinguish between them, and so they cry out that the Church is being robbed, when it is plain that she is simply being relieved of a political impediment to her religious usefulness. A force mightier than pope or cardinal or the Society of Jesus has been at work spiritualizing the Church: this

force works slowly, too slowly for the zeal of the devout who have a vision of what the Church, purged of its worldliness, might achieve towards uplifting the multitudes that turn to it for guidance. Yet this devout remnant, this spiritual residuum, which regards the craving for temporalities as unholy and the political intrigues of the Vatican as the desperate devices of men whose cause is doomed, may prove to be the forerunners of a purified Catholicism.

In any case, the Italians can view the situation with equanimity. The reaction in the Vatican surely increases the number of those intelligent Catholics throughout the Peninsula who desire to see the Church divorced from worldly politics, and who resent being subjected on the religious side to medieval intolerance. The Italians have had, furthermore, sufficient proof that even the Jesuits dread the possible triumph of the Party of Revolution much more than the maintenance of the Monarchy. Finally, they would not be human if they failed to rejoice at the fact that the embroiling of the Vatican with their own neighbors both weakens the Vatican and tends to strengthen the friendship of these

neighbors for Italy. So the situation at the beginning of 1907 is more propitious than any the Italians have seen since the death of Cavour.

GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI

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I

Giosuè Carducci died at Bologna on February 15, 1907, after an illness of several years, which had latterly almost completely darkened his many-sided and brilliant genius. Since the death of Tennyson he had been the most eminent lyric poet in Europe — a poet still unduly neglected outside of his own country, too robust to be made the idol of a fashionable cult, too disdainful and too exacting to be contented with troops of pliant disciples.

Carducci was born July 27, 1835, at Valdicastello, Tuscany, his father being a country physician, his mother a Florentine who could trace her ancestry back to a gonfaloniere in the days of the Republic. The boy passed his early years in the Maremma, leading a wild and lonely life, with a pet wolf for a companion. When his parents removed to Florence, he studied in the college of the Scolopian Brothers. He seems also to have

[1] *The Nation*, February 21, 1907.

attended the University at Pisa for a while, after which he undertook to support himself by teaching and by editing the Italian classics for Barbèra. He soon attracted notice, and Mamiani, Minister of Education, being impressed by his ability, appointed him, in 1860, professor of Italian literature in the University of Bologna. That post he held for over forty years, until, owing to failing health, he reluctantly accepted a special pension from the Government. Of such a career the real events are the intellectual campaigns and the books, the ideas sown in the minds of receptive pupils, the slowly broadening influence and the ultimate triumph.

Never was there a professor less pedantic than Carducci, never one better fitted to be the interpreter of literature. He was a scholar of the best German type; one who pored over texts and codices; who was familiar with all the apparatus of the philologian; a tireless ransacker for the last fact, the elusive final link, to complete a chain of evidence; an insatiable reader; a stickler for perfection in line and word and comma. Yet all this was but the beginning. His pupils in the classroom met a critic of sure taste and contagious

enthusiasm, a poet whose genius etherealized his stores of information, and who dreaded lest mere erudition should become "a funeral shroud." Since Schiller taught at Jena no such poet had sat in a professor's chair; but Carducci was, what Schiller was not, a profound and careful scholar as well as a great poet.

In person Carducci was short and in later years stout; but he had a massive, shapely head, large enough for a man of heroic size, very impressive with its wealth of hair and beard, and most noticeable for the eyes, which fastened on the person or object before them as if they would literally grasp and penetrate and absorb. Carducci had an astonishing capacity for work — he could toil eight or ten hours at a stretch; he could even take recreation in reading proofs for an hour, and then go back to his main task. He cultivated his naturally strong memory, so that he knew almost all of Virgil and Horace, Tibullus and Catullus, by heart, not to speak of Dante, Petrarch, and the later Italian poets. He had a thorough acquaintance with French literature, and a sympathetic knowledge of German, although over the alcove containing his

German books he put the sign, "*I Barbari*," —"The Barbarians." English, also, he read fluently, and he was an enthusiastic admirer of Shelley, on whom he wrote a brief but penetrating critique. He had a very responsive nature — witness that story of his bursting into tears after Pascarella read him some sonnets on Rome. He was quick and sometimes petulant, but forgiving and ready to ask forgiveness. And in spite of the immense respect he enjoyed in his last years, he seems to have kept himself unspoiled by either fame or flattery.

II

In his professorship Carducci set himself several important tasks. First, he insisted on scholarship; surface impressions of books, dilettante likes and dislikes, would not do for him. Next, he laid stress on taste, the cultivation of the critical faculty through acquaintance with the abiding elements in literature. Finally, he never ceased to apply literature to life, to show that its usefulness and its glory depend upon its power to represent life; that it shall not merely reproduce, after the fashion of the photographic camera,

the facts visible to the outward eye, but embody the passions and hopes, "the consecration and the poet's dream." The most scrupulous of artists himself, he scorned the formula "Art for art's sake," behind which lurk now the vacuous and the conventional, and now the lubricious, the shameless, and the obscene. He applauded Manzoni for having by "truth" renewed the literary and civic conscience of Italy. "And since *truth*," he said, "conceived under all its aspects by a great and serene intellect, by a lofty and pure nature, becomes of itself *ideality*, I applaud the art of Alessandro Manzoni in its wholeness" — a single sentence which sums up an entire creed.

Carducci as a professor became popular, but not through condescension or the shallow, genial arts by which teachers sometimes try to win the favor of their classes. He was brusque: he tolerated no slackness in work, no slipshod behavior. "This is very bad," was often his remark in handing back a thesis: but then he would go on to soften the effect of his condemnation by pointing out the better way; and he rarely failed to discern real merit or to give it generous encour-

agement. So the flower of Italian youth went to sit under him, and to hear not only what was for Italy a new and compelling gospel of literature and criticism, but fiery outpourings on manhood, patriotism, religion, life. "Let not the weak, the anemic, the skeptical, come to provoke us," he exclaimed in an address to the students of Padua; "let them not come to deprive us of the Ideal, to deprive us of God. Recreants! The Ideal was so stored up in our fathers' souls and in ours that, merely in freeing itself and confounding the false prophets, it revealed a people to itself, renewed a nation, determined the fate of an historic epoch. The God of love and of sacrifice, the God of life and of the future, the God of the people and of humanity, is in us, with us, and for us."

At another time he uttered this solemn appeal:

"Young men of Italy, your fathers and your brothers gave their soul and their blood to their country: you give your talents. A melancholy rumor is abroad — and even among us lips but not hearts repeat it — that tells of the decline and eclipse of the Latin races. Oh, we desire neither to be quenched

nor to rot! Rally in your hearts, O youth, the constancy and the glory of the mighty sires who made the revolution of the Communes and the Renaissance, who discovered new continents for human industry, new fields for art, new methods for science. Love art and science, love them with a true love: love them for themselves, much more than for the gains they may bear you, much more than for the praise they may procure you: love them as the exercise and the manifestation in which the nobility of man is most apparent, in which the worth of the nations perpetuates itself forever. Be good and have faith: have faith in love, in virtue, in justice: have faith in the high destinies of the human race, which mounts, glorious, along the ways of its ideal transformation. And it shall surely come to pass that science shall fortify you, that art shall comfort you, that your country shall bless you."

This was a message which the youth of Italy needed to hear even more than literary criticism. No wonder that Carducci became their leader and prophet; the greater wonder is, seeing how seldom the miracle is performed in academic experience, that his preaching

in nowise interfered with his scholarly exactions. He dared to rhapsodize without harboring the ignoble fear that some pedantic colleague would whisper against him the damning epithet "popular." In the large sense he was not and is not popular; but like Matthew Arnold he diffused his ideas through a body of sympathetic pupils, who in turn have distributed them far and wide. During the last twenty years of his life he had the satisfaction of knowing that no line of poetry and no page of criticism worthy of attention was written in Italy that did not bear the trace of his influence. Other schools, other movements, other fashions have come forward, but they all acknowledge his presence, by what they reject, if not by what they adopt.

III

Carducci's prose, which fills ten or twelve volumes, consists first of formal studies in literary criticism — such, for instance, are his work on "The Evolution of National Literature," the study of the Ode, and the remarkable survey of the literature of the Risorgimento; next, there are essays, half-critical,

half-biographical, on great literary figures — Dante, Muratori, Metastasio, Manzoni; then there are commemorative addresses; and, finally, what we may call personal confessions on politics, art, criticism, and conduct, called forth by inquiry or by attack. On any scale, Carducci will rank among the few master critics of the age. He has insight as well as knowledge, taste as well as comprehensiveness. He understands not only the historic position, but the intrinsic value of the makers of literature, and so he infallibly reaches the human residue in every author and in every book. Critics who stop short of that palm off on us easy formulas of heredity and environment to explain the mysteries of genius.

In nothing does Carducci's generous nature display itself more attractively than in his commemorative eulogies. He has the courage of his enthusiasms, and his pages glow with admiration and affection for Aurelio Saffi and Goffredo Mameli, for Garibaldi and Manzoni and Victor Hugo, for Leopardi and Shelley, for Alberto Mario and Maria Gozzadini. His rhapsody on Garibaldi — a gem of Romanticism — written at a sitting, has become classic in Italy, and may stand

as a model of that sort of eloquence. In English, our growing distrust of rhetoric has put such flights out of vogue. Shelley in his "Defence of Poetry" is perhaps the last Englishman whose sustained achievement cannot be questioned, although Ruskin, still later, soared sunward in many a magnificent passage; but too often the rhetorical flyers have only the wings of Icarus, and meet his fate. Carducci, however, just because he was a poet and an Italian, to whom it was natural to give expression to burning emotions in burning phrase, made even his prose dithyrambs genuine.

His personal confessions, though frequently of vital importance on the autobiographic side, have the least permanent literary interest. He indulged in sarcasm that was too subtle, and in allusions or parallels that were too remote. More than once — as when, in 1868, he hurled scorn at those who wished to banish him from the university for political reasons, or when, in 1881, he replied to the critics of his *Levia Gravia* — he missed the opportunity of matching Shelley's rejoinder to Lord Ellenborough or Mazzini's crushing invective against De Tocqueville

and Falloux. On such occasions the literary artificer in him seemed to get the upper hand: indeed, although he had a strong man's capacity for indignation and scorn, he spoke most naturally and most victoriously when love, friendship, and ideals moved him.

IV

But great as he is as prose writer, critic, and leader, it is as poet that he holds the supreme place in modern Italy; it is as poet that his fame will endure, and that he will become more than a name outside of Italy. He began to write verse at the age of eleven, and during his boyhood he printed fugitive pieces. He grew up in the fifties in the heyday of Romanticism. The struggle for Italian independence, borne forward on the great wave of Liberalism, found its true spokesmen among the Romanticists. But although Carducci was fired by patriotism, his intellectual and esthetic elements recoiled from Romanticism. He devoured the masters of Latin literature, studied Latin religion and history, and reveled in the Renaissance, with its apparent reproduction of Paganism. In 1858, together with other young enthusiasts, he

edited a journal which they called *Il Poliziano*, after the typical Humanist, and wished to be the vehicle of a return to Classicism. Its chief result was Carducci himself. His poems, inspired more and more by Pagan or Humanistic ideals, made their way slowly. Not until 1865, when he published the "Hymn to Satan," did he reach the general public. The "Hymn" created a scandal, was hotly denounced, and generally misunderstood; for the Satan glorified by Carducci is not the Principle of Evil, but a latter-day Prometheus, the implacable adversary of sullen and joyless creeds, of worn-out deities, and of corrupt ecclesiasticism. Carducci issued in 1871 his *Levia Gravia* which marks another stage in his progress towards the complete repudiation of Romanticist form and of Christian substance. Finally, in 1878, he brought out the first series of *Odi Barbare*, in which he attempted to revolutionize Italian prosody. Abandoning rhyme and the traditional metres of his country, he imitated the verse-forms of Horace, taking care that his themes should be treated from the Classic point of view. A storm of criticism burst upon him. It was easy to

point out that the Latin, with its more solid word-units, its quantity, and its inflections, is a very different metrical instrument from the Italian, with its more plastic word-units, its accent, and its looser construction. The battle raged for many years, and was renewed when Carducci flung a second and third series of *Odi Barbare* into the arena. It can hardly be said that the question has been settled yet. Few foreigners, certainly, find pleasure in the metrical intricacies of the *Odi*, and no Italians, although they have been trying for a quarter of a century to imitate them, have succeeded in equaling Carducci. If we may hazard a temporary verdict, we may say that a remarkable genius, with extraordinary finesse as a metricist, achieved a success which proved his genius, but not his theory. The poems themselves are often very beautiful, and are among the most precious poetic treasures of the age; but like the best poems of Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads," the world accepts them because they are genuine poetry, and not because they illustrate a new doctrine in prosody.

As to the content of Carducci's poetry, its

Humanism, Paganism, Hellenism, — for it has each of these qualities, — I cannot speak at length here. It is a fine theme, awaiting the properly equipped critic. Classicism, or "the Classic spirit," is one of the most abused terms in literary criticism. It is applied alike to Keats's "Endymion," to Landor's "Hellenics," and to Swinburne's mongrel Greek dramas. In the case of Carducci we should ask not only, "Has he fumigated his mind of all Christian-Romanticist instincts and prepossessions?" but also, "Has he really attained the Pagan outlook? Can a man of the nineteenth century, by whatever conscious effort or unconscious affinity, be able to see life as Horace or Catullus saw it — no more, no less — unalloyed by the least hint of the tremendous experience which eighteen hundred years have graven into the memory of the race?"

To understand modern Italy one must remember the four historical layers which underlie it. First, there is the Italic, or Pagan; next, the Medieval Christian, of which Dante is the consummate representative; third, the Renaissance; and, last, the National-Patriotic. You can usually classify

Italians according as one or another of these strata predominates. The singular fact about Carducci is, that, although he voluntarily planted himself in the first, he could not exile himself from the others. Few men have ever felt more powerfully Dante's spell; few critics have ever written more illuminatingly about the "Divine Comedy" and the *Canzoniere* than the Humanist who rejected the religion in which Dante found final truth. Patriotism was for Carducci almost a religion, and it is doubtless the many patriotic poems, some of them magnificent in form and message, which have endeared him to masses of his countrymen who cared little about technical disputes over his *Odi Barbare*. A fervent disciple of Mazzini, Carducci clung to his early Republican ideals until long after the unification of Italy; then he accepted the Monarchy, and consented to be appointed a Senator, not because he had fallen a victim, as some irreconcilables gossiped, to Court blandishments, but because he set the union and independence of Italy above partisan claims, and saw that, for the present at least, it is the Monarchy, and not the Republic, which can best serve Italy's needs.

Carducci never flattered any one; least of all would he have flattered those in power. He spared no criticism of politics or education or literature or social standards. He scourged the "Byzantinism" of his countrymen, who seemed to settle back, after their splendid achievement of unity, into a self-complacent, materialistic existence. He held ever before them the ideal Italy, for which they must strive. And they ended by admiring him. He brought to them the example of vigor, the shining gifts of genius, the daily stimulus of character. As professor he had been neglected, as critic derided, as poet attacked —yet he kept on his way unshaken. Little by little he saw the tide turn, and he lived to be honored by an entire nation. The Italians, obeying a wise intuition, would place him beside Cavour and Mazzini, Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel: first, the heroes who do, then the poet who immortalizes their heroic deeds. Whatever estimate posterity may set on Carducci's works, there can be no dispute as to his life; in him genius and character were robustly blended.

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